Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS AUGUST 12, 1950

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By J[illegible]N BROWN

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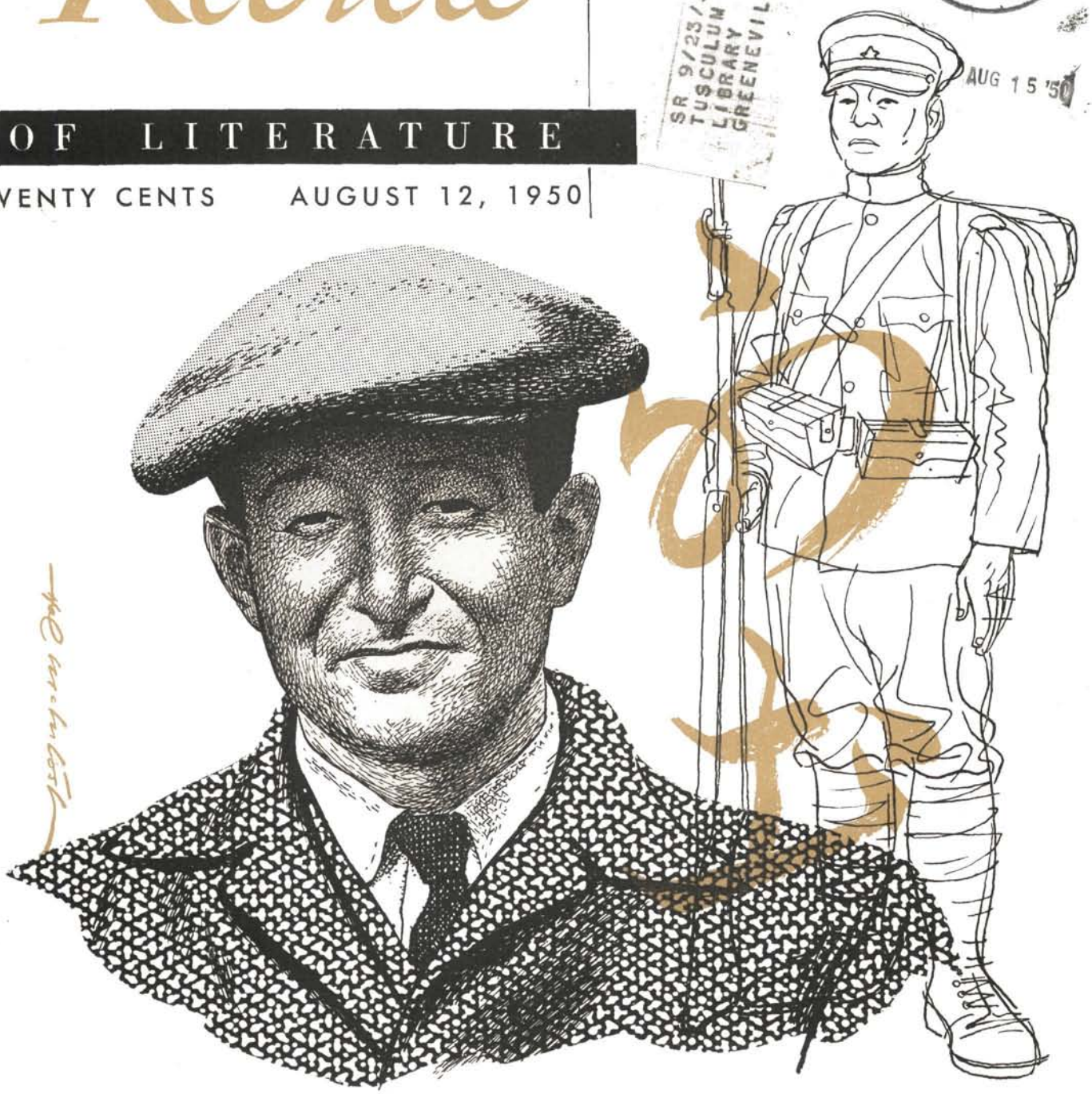

Hanama Tasaki, author of "Long the Imperial Way." (See page 8)

Style Makes the Man

By ANTONIO IGLESIAS

Everywhere I Roam

By ALICE CADDY & BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

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BIGGER BARGAIN

The telephone takes a smaller part of the family budget than in 1939...

One of the attractive and remarkable things about telephone service is its low price.

It actually takes a smaller part of the family budget than it did ten or eleven years ago. That's because the average family income has increased much more than the increase in telephone rates. Even though increases in telephone rates are still needed to catch up with past increases in costs, your telephone will continue to be a big bargain. The increases so far, plus those now requested, average only a penny or so per call.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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TRADE Winds

LAST WEEK a good friend of mine was invited by the editor of one of the world's most famous encyclopedias to contribute an article on a subject that was his specialty for next year's edition. The length, said the editor, was to be approximately 800 words. It was his last sentence, however, that was the stopper. "We will be happy," he said, "to pay you our usual rate of 2¢ a word."

Employing a bit of lightning calculation, my friend figured that would net him just about $16 for his stint. And if you think it's easy to summarize a subject of considerable scope in anything like 800 words—easier, say, than to dash off two or three thousand words—you couldn't be more wrong. I remember one evening aboard the old *Aquitania* when somebody said to Adolph Ochs, "*The Times* is too verbose. Why don't you cut it down to a tabloid and condense the stories to their bare essentials?" "We couldn't afford it," answered Mr. Ochs promptly. "We'd have to double our staff."

My friend declined the encyclopedia editor's offer, saying, "I don't see how you can get any real authority to work for you at 2¢ a word." "You'd be surprised," he was told. "Most people don't care at all about the money. They consider it a genuine honor to be asked."

The things you can get away with in this world by playing on people's vanity! . . .

THINGS TO COME . . . High-powered advertising agents, still groggy from the Sunday punches Fred Wakeman threw at them in "The Hucksters," are in for another shellacking from Eric Hodgins in his forthcoming "Blandings' Way" (S&S). . . . A posthumous volume of drawings by the incomparable Helen Hokinson will be published in October by Dutton under the title of "The Ladies, God Bless Them." . . . Putnam is banking heavily on Mika Waltari's "The Adventurer" and "A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor. . . . Viking thinks Mary and Lawrence Frank's "How to Help Your Child in School" may be the biggest selling book in its history. . . . The center spread of the fall Little, Brown catalogue is devoted to a "rave" about A. J. Cronin's "The Spanish Gardener," scheduled for August 28. Another Little, Brown highlight will be a reissue, in November, of John Marquand's "Haven's End." Published in 1933, this was Mr. M's first novel to deal with the New England social scene ("The Late George Apley" didn't come along until four years later), and it only sold 3,300 copies before it went out of print. Watch it in 1950! . . .

Taylor Caldwell's "The Balance Wheel" will be unveiled by Scribner's at the turn of the year. . . . Sound notion: Six of Robert Benchley's famous movie monologues in one volume, with ninety-six action photos from the original films (A. A. Wyn). . . . Richard Bacchelli's "The Mill on the Po," due next month from Pantheon, was hailed by the London *Times* as "a masterpiece which will outlast several generations." . . . Virginia Gilbert, author of "Virginia Reel," is Lippincott's answer to Kathleen Winsor. . . . Jonathan Daniels's biography of Harry Truman, another Lippincott entry, will be entitled "The Man of Independence." . . . Miss Lena Horne, also prominent in musical circles, is the subject of a volume by Helen Arstein and Carlton Moss (Greenberg). . . . Macmillan announces a book called "The Trouble with Harry," but this one has nothing to do with President Truman at all. It is, in fact, the publishers explain, a novel by J. Trevor Story about "a lot of little people with hats on." Everything clear? . . .

"KON-TIKI," the true story of a 4,300-mile trip on a raft across the Pacific in 101 days, by Thor Hyerdahl, organizer of the expedition, will be published by Rand McNally on September 5 and is that month's selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The alternate BOMC choice for September is the "Collected Short Stories of William Faulkner"—the first time Mr. Faulkner has been tapped by a major book club. . . . Thomas Costain's "Son of a Hundred Kings" is the November nomination of the Literary Guild, which is hoping for the same kind of landslide it started with his "The Black Rose." . . . W. W. Norton has signed for a biography of Henry Raymond, founder of *The New York Times*, to be written by Francis Brown, current and accomplished edi-

"No question about it, the only man who can lick Truman in 1952 is Hopalong Cassidy. But how do we know he's a Republican?"

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tor of *The New York Times Book Review*. . . . George and Helen Papashvily, authors of the memorable "Anything Can Happen," have finished their new book, "Thanks to Noah." It's about the many animals which were important in George's life, and Harper's will publish it in November with plenty of hoop-la. . . . Evelyn Waugh's new book, due from Little, Brown on October 19, is called "Helena," and the author supplies his own blurb: "The Empress Helena, by tradition the daughter of Old King Cole, is the heroine of numberless legends. . . . Mr. Waugh has worked for several years on this novel based upon her life. It should not be dismissed as trivial merely on account of its brevity, for the author has long made compression and selection his particular study and he here distills what would have occupied three volumes of a less industrious writer. . . . Technically this is the most ambitious work of a writer who is devoted to the niceties of his trade." . . .

SOCIAL NOTES . . . Harry Hansen describes a pleasant reunion, after thirty-five years, at the Coffee House Club of Wallace Irwin, creator of Hashimura Togo, and P. G. Wodehouse, creator of Jeeves. One of the subjects discussed: the difficulty of finding a good servant in these troubled days. . . . Edna Ferber is working on her most important novel in many years at her sumptuous estate in Easton, not far from Bridgeport. An attraction of the place that is second only to Miss F's witty conversation is the swimming pool, but the hostess's stern insistence that guests take a shower before essaying a jackknife from the diving board has discouraged all but the hardiest natators. The temperature of Miss Ferber's shower approximates 20° below zero. One distinguished publisher attempted a bit of innocent flim-flam, turning on the shower full force, crying out in agony, and slapping himself and puffing at a great rate, though he carefully stayed about five feet away from the water. It availed him naught, however. By a brilliant flanking maneuver, Miss Ferber sneaked around the back of the bath house and propelled him into the icy cataract. He is expected to thaw out by September. . . .

Truman Capote is summering in Sicily, writing a new novel and putting up jellies and preserves. Meanwhile, another first effort is getting the same word-of-mouth advance build-up that favored "Other Voices, Other Rooms." It is "The House of Breath," by a young Texan named William Goyen, and it will be launched with ecstatic praise from Elizabeth Bowen, Katherine Anne Porter, and Stephen Spender. . . . "Wasn't John Gunther lucky," people said, "to be in Tokyo when the Korean news broke?" Lucky, nothing! John was in Tokyo because he has an uncanny nose for news and because Mike Cowles, who accredited him there, is one of the shrewdest editors in the country. . . .

SHEILA BROWN, best female judge of horseflesh in the publishing business, came home from Belmont one evening with self-satisfaction written all over her face. "I licked them today, boys," she exulted. "I licked them in the first race, the second race, the daily double, the third race, the fourth race, the fifth race, the sixth race, and if I'd had a nickel left, I'd have licked them in the seventh race, too." . . . And Charlie Hughes, of the Detroit Athletic Club, tells about a flashy character who barged into a saloon, demanded a double jigger of Scotch, downed it in one gulp, planked a $5 bill on the counter, and walked out without another word. The bartender folded the fiver carefully, pocketed it, and remarked to the bar-flies, "Can you beat a phony like that? Laps up a double Scotch, leaves a $5 tip, and beats it without paying!"

—BENNETT CERF.

On facing THE *world*

THESE are years which trouble us all. We search for inner peace and maturity in the conduct of our lives; we hope to grow, not shrink; to become wise, not foolish; to live and not die inwardly before the day of our physical death.

Many books, since the end of the last war, have offered ways and means of achieving this serenity and growth. A few have been good books; many more have been largely empty

Not long ago we published a book called ON FACING THE WORLD, by Louis J. Halle, Jr., a book of personal philosophy which presents a thoughtful, mature approach to the problems of life. One section of the book appeared under the title *The Raw Materials of Persuasion* as the lead article of the March 11 issue of this magazine.

This is not a book of answers to problems, but one man's thoughtful, sensitive appraisal of human experience—ideas, emotional responses and wisdom which we can relate with value to our own experience. It is this that makes ON FACING THE WORLD so reassuring and so helpful; it reaffirms many things which we all have found of value, for "who can read and understand the Book of Job who has not himself had boils?"

ON FACING THE WORLD is, as William S. Lynch wrote in *The Saturday Review*, "simple and therefore clear and truly wise. It is a delight to read, to ponder over, and to enjoy as much for the savor of its style as its content."

ON FACING THE WORLD

by Louis J. Halle, Jr.

At all bookstores, $2.75

WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Two Fronts

JOHN MASON BROWN

THE SKY is cloudless here today. Everything in this little New England village seems as enduringly serene as the white houses, chaste and charming, on Main Street or as the tranquil elms which have long shaded them. The lawns are a soothing green, the fences gaily festooned with ramblers. Sailboats are scurrying across the blinding blue of the harbor. The tennis courts at the club are all taken, the pier is dotted with bathers. The sidewalks are brightened by people who have replaced their somber city clothes with those more colorful indulgences which the country and the seashore invite. Man and nature, it would appear, are on vacation, relishing the summer's ease, relaxing from the winter's rigors.

But the sense of worries laid aside and peace complete is only an illusion. No sky is cloudless now. The storm, however distant by the map, is present in everyone's mind and heart. Its thunder is a part of every conversation. Only the littlest children do not hear it. On the beaches (their kind of beaches) they still pile up their edifices of sand, expecting them to withstand the encroachments of the next wave. The rest of us see the darkness in the sunshine's midst. The calm around us cannot shield us from the gale. We know, even when we are on vacation, that no one anywhere can at present take a vacation from the world.

We live, as we have grown accustomed to living, strangely double lives. Most of us as yet continue to live the personal and professional lives we cherish by the standards and with the interests, the hopes, the pleasures, the friendships, and the family affections made possible by the semblance of peace. But we also live that other life, the life which the headlines proclaim and the combat stories tell. We live engulfed in the repeated pattern, sickened by its having to repeat itself within less than a short five years. We live once more waiting for communiqués, scanning maps blackened by battle lines, and drawn by apprehension to our radios.

We live conscious of the young dying again, of courage tested daily, of homes disrupted, of troops moving, of greater armies forming, of civilians ceasing to be civilians in order to form them, and of plans being drawn up tardily for the defense or evacuation of our cities. We live with talk of possible controls, priorities, and rationing, and with the contemptible selfishness of hoarders having already reappeared. We live, if we are young men, under the threat of having our education, our professions, and our dreams suspended. If we are older and have seen it once or twice, we live, however great our melancholy, feeling deep within ourselves the insistent restlessness of the desire to be part of it, if it must be, yet dreading to be told that we are too old. Such news is in itself a kind of death. We live close to the conflict though an ocean and a continent away from it, aware of what is happening there and what may well happen elsewhere—and here. We live with the recognition of the future's uncertainty, certain only of our beliefs and that all we believe in may be imperiled.

Living this dual life is not easy for anyone. No wonder parents, if they have sons, find themselves looking at them with a terrible intentness. Or that these sons, if they are in college or about to go there, discover that it is impossible to give their whole minds to their studies. No wonder their older brothers, starting out on their first jobs or at last in the swing of the jobs to which they returned when they got out of uniform, cannot apply themselves as wholeheartedly as once they might. No wonder, for that matter, that their fathers and mothers and all people worthy of being described as citizens scrutinize their own employment and question values which in peacetime they would accept.

TO BE at war openly and to the full is one thing; to be at peace, real peace, is another. To be at both is disquieting (to put it mildly) if for no other reason than that it is confusing. Those working in industries held to be essential or capable of quick conversion to war effort are spared these confusions. As vital participants, they can hold their heads high. They enjoy the pride which comes

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from making a definite contribution. They can count themselves among the indispensables. Accordingly, they are not torn with doubts and are free from that sense of futility and irrelevance to which so many of us are heir as we face our everyday duties.

Values can be altered by environment no less than circumstance. Brooks Atkinson, a wise man blessed with a rare spirit among his other gifts, long ago realized this and stated it admirably in his fine book, "The Cingalese Prince." In 1933 Mr. Atkinson escaped from the confinements of the island of Manhattan, where for many years he "had practised mortality," and where, fortunately for all of us, he continues to do so. As an active philosopher and vacationing critic, he circumnavigated the globe on a British freighter, the name of which he gave to his record of the voyage.

PLOWING across the Pacific at the thirty-sixth parallel (not the thirty-eighth), Mr. Atkinson considered, among other things, the strange changes which can overtake literature in the presence of nature's immensity when men and their works are rudely reduced in scale. "Literature," he concluded, "is a bloodless subterfuge when you are plunged into the sources from which literature derives. . . . The treasures of literature need protection from the sun. Like leaves detached from a tree, the leaves of a book curl at the edges and grow sere when the sun beats directly on them. . . . Literature is put to the test every time a man puts out to sea."

If Mr. Atkinson found that light reading was not heavy enough for him on a ship of the *Cingalese Prince*'s tonnage; if he discovered that he could not hear clever books above the wind roaring against his porthole; if the steady pulse of the engine compelled him to distrust sentences which were too self-conscious, and the language he came to like was made up of plain, simple, and straightforward words, we just now are in a position to understand those shifts in emphasis a new environment forced upon him. We are deeply conscious of them ourselves, brought about as they have been by recent events, current happenings, and the awareness of future possibilities. We, too, are somewhat at sea. We, too, can hear the roar of engines frightening in their might. We, too, face a typhoon that may be too large even for the Pacific to hold.

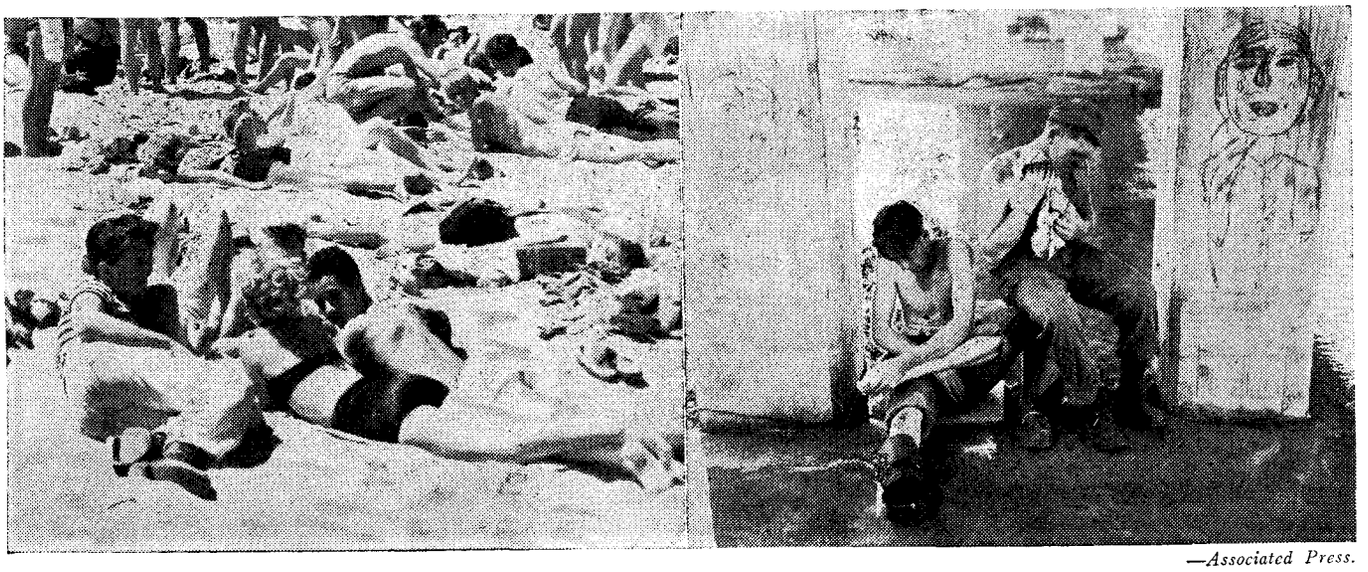
IF, as Mr. Atkinson says, literature is put to the test every time a man puts out to sea, literature and all the arts and the values of civilized living are put to the test every time a nation clears its decks for war. Assuredly, we all know that the time is at hand when actions count most and many absorptions and professions seem extraneous. They are pushed to the periphery by crisis, and rightly so. If a robber breaks into our homes or if our houses are on fire, we would be worse than fools to continue reading a book (any book), listening to a symphony (any symphony), or admiring the colors and composition of a painting (any painting). Just now our very survival as a nation may be at stake. This is a chilling fact which all of us must accept. We have no other choice than to ready ourselves for the ordeal.

But our sense of danger, proper though it is, can itself tempt us dangerously. However natural the initial impulses may be at such a moment to question all the refinements of peacetime existence; however inevitable is the instinct to jettison what is loosely identified as "culture" when confronted anew with the barbarisms of conflict; however human are the reflexes which challenge the right of beauty, learning, and enlightenment to exist side by side with the brutal ugliness of battle, the first and perhaps final surrender any of us can make would be to lose sight in the midst of war of the true values of peace.

Win we must, and at whatever cost. But in the course of winning we must take special pains not to confuse the fight itself with the reasons for our fighting. This would be to rob our ultimate victory of its point and justification. We may not read at present or in the months ahead the same books which might have held our attention. Indeed, many may find they have scant time for reading at all. But not only books which speak to us about our troubled days but books from other ages which remind us of what is enduring in man, of his potentialities and dignity as an individual, and of what is mightiest, best, or most human in his thinking, his aspirations, his sufferings, or his behavior seem to me to gain importance rather than to lose it in the present emergency. So do all the arts. So do all the pursuits and occupations which are proofs that man lives by other laws and other impulses than those of the jungle.

Every modern war, in spite of its fortunate conclusion, has changed the world by subtracting from it abidingly. Every modern war has had to represent, in order to be won, a temporary abdication of ethical and humane standards. Every modern war has, in other words, demanded a certain

(*Continued on page* 41)



—*Associated Press.*

". . . no vacation from the world."

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Fiction. *During the war it was only necessary to know that we must hate the Japanese as our enemies. Today Hanama Tasaki's great war novel shows that the soldiers of Nippon fighting in China ten years ago suffered the same sensations and torments that our own soldiers are undergoing today in Korea. Our reviewer ranks this bitter and dramatic novel with the six best that have come from any country since the war ended. No novel could be more unlike this Japanese epic than May Sarton's brilliant and poetic story of the impact of Paris on a visiting American. It can be compared with Henry James's "The Ambassadors," and its theme is the same, the coming of age of a young man through a love affair. If you are looking for amusement, there is Aubrey Menen's clever conversation piece, "The Backward Bride," about Sicilians honeymooning in London and Paris chaperoned by a bloodthirsty brigand. Juvenile delinquency and all its horrors are illustrated by Hal Ellson's revolting story af a "Tomboy."*

"All Quiet" of the Eastern Front

LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY. By Hanama Tasaki. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 372 pp. $3.

By MERLE MILLER

SHORTLY before Pearl Harbor it was alleged that because of the peculiar slant of their eyes the Japanese could neither shoot nor fly effectively and, thus, could easily be disposed of. Just before the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima it was said that all Japanese were animal-like in their reckless courage and that not until the last man had been killed or hopelessly wounded would their army surrender.

Very few American combat soldiers or, for that matter, the brass in the Pentagon ever succeeded in understanding the Japanese—or, as is now more than ever apparent, the Chinese. There was, for example, the possibly apocryphal Cabinet officer who assured the Chinese Ambassador that the United States would assuredly defeat "the dastardly little yellow bellies."

Whatever its ideological basis, the Pacific war was also racial. While some American soldiers felt a distinct sympathy for the Germans they were forced to kill (Germans—even the most fanatic Nazis—did, after all, have white skins), only a handful were much disturbed when they disposed of a Japanese.

Ironically, our enemy in the Pacific may have felt somewhat the same about us. In Hanama Tasaki's moving novel, "Long the Imperial Way," a Japanese infantryman complains that the enemy encountered so far are disturbingly similar to the home folks. The people in the Chinese villages through which his squad has passed looked precisely like those in his own village, he declares.

Of course, he adds, "Maybe if we fight the white man it will be different."

The soldier's buddy, Private Takeo Yamamoto, thinks not. No, he says, "Whomever we fight, it is the same. A war is a war."

Takeo is the major character in Hanama Tasaki's major novel, the Japanese equivalent of "The Naked and the Dead." At the beginning of "Long the Imperial Way" he neither smokes nor drinks, but as might have happened in the U. S. Army, he soon learns both. He also learns the meaning of fear—and how to kill. And he learns the fatigue and homesickness and cynicism that are part of the equipment of all fighting soldiers in all armies.

"It is better to be a noncombatant in a conquered nation than to be a soldier in a winning army," Takeo declares in one bitter moment. Or, again, after his company has been bloodily driven from a town it previously captured. "In spite of this, they will report in the papers at home that we captured a vital enemy stronghold and repulsed the enemy, inflicting heavy losses on them."

"Yes," his friend agrees, "and they will say that our losses were 'insignificant.'"

Occasionally, in his worst moments, Takeo has to repeat to himself that to die is to live in the great soul of the Emperor. He really believes that—most of the time, anyway. Once in awhile, he wonders if maybe the Emperor isn't more or less like him-

THE AUTHOR: His year at Oberlin College, Ohio, is "a blurred impression of unsettled feelings and friends" to Hanama Tasaki. "I can still remember the nostalgia and homesickness under which I labored during those days—how I used to reflect upon the foolishness of it all when I could be spending my days happily in the warmth, both physical and spiritual, of the Hawaiian Islands. To me it was a decision of major proportions when I decided to leave the 'bigness' of America to return to the 'littleness' in Hawaii. The main character of my book returns, too, from the disillusionment of chasing after something 'big' to find consolation in the 'little' truth. But this is progress, don't you think so?" In 1936, however, his education completed in Honolulu, Tasaki again left the "'little' truth" to go to Japan, the land of his ancestors. Intending to throw himself bodily into the progressive movement, he was instead conscripted into the Army. And although later he became a reporter for the Domei News Agency, touring the South Pacific and dreaming "titanic dreams of an Asiatic renaissance," it was his first three years as private in China that provided the plot and philosophy for "Long the Imperial Way." The book—written in English while Tasaki was bedded with tuberculosis after the war—"is a conglomeration of many moods and aims," he says, "one of which was to straighten out the jumbled emotions (predominantly guilt-complex) under which I found myself laboring since the surrender." He published it himself and some months later when Houghton Mifflin suggested the American edition he felt it only honorable to confess that of 500 copies released no more than 100 had been sold. The Boston folk, undismayed, want a sequel—but Tasaki is dubious. Raising the best hogs in Japan keeps him awfully busy. —R.G.

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self. But he never reveals such subversive thoughts.

When once he wonders why he and the others in his light machine-gun squad are fighting so far from home, someone explains that, if they had not come to China, the enemy would have invaded Japan. Takeo nods. At the beginning of what his Government called the "Chinese Incident" this seems quite logical to him. Later, he has his doubts.

As can be seen, the Japanese Army was very much like any other; the soldiers were anyway. There were differences, though, and "Long the Imperial Way" is sharpest (and bitterest) when the author is explaining them. For example, whenever a soldier is killed in combat his body is immediately cremated and, at the first opportunity, a friend ships the ashes home—along with the belongings. This practice was of necessity abandoned in a large part of the Pacific island war.

The cruelty in the army was extreme. When at roll call a first-year soldier in Takeo's squadron is discovered with a loose button, every other first-year man is slapped, too, most of them many times. The practice of slapping was, Tasaki explains, universal, and no one ever resisted, "for that would have been . . . punishable by death." When one private is discovered in a forbidden native bordello, he nearly dies of the beating given him by the *Kempei* (MP's). But the private does not, dares not protest.

On the other hand, the soldiers are unfailingly polite to each other—and to their superiors, everyone who has been in the army longer than they.

—From the jacket of "Long the Imperial Way."

When a guard is relieved he declares, "I have been obliged." Before going to bed, all first-year soldiers stand and bow toward their superiors, "The Honorable Squad Leader, the Honorable Privates First Class, the Honorable Senior Soldiers, we beg to be rested before you." Fortunately, permission is usually granted.

Tasaki's novel opens in Northern China; it closes months later, after a bitter, costly campaign in South China. Then the squad is relieved and sent home, what is left of it. Only two of the first-year soldiers are still alive, Takeo, and his more cosmopolitan friend, Kan. When they arrive back in Japan, ready for their discharge, they realize that, naturally, they can be remobilized at any time. But, surely, they think, they will not be—perhaps not for years, more probably never.

Then, just before they are released, the prefectural governor makes a long-winded, rhetorical speech to which Takeo pays little attention. He barely hears the words, "The world situation is growing tense. We do not know when we will be dragged into the World War being waged on the European Continent." The time is late 1941.

Hanama Tasaki, who was educated at Oberlin College and who is now a farmer, has written a novel ranking with the half dozen best to come from any country after this war. It is brutal and moving and real, and the characters in "Long the Imperial Way" are always human beings, even though Japanese.

Merle Miller is author of "Island 49" and "That Winter" and co-author with Abe Spitzer of "We Dropped the A-Bomb."

When Blackshirts Stormed the Land

WHEAT OF NIGHT. By Oscar DeLiso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 382 *pp.* $3.50.

By Siegfried Mandel

AT AN EARLY age Aldo Lucano was taken by his mother back to the red-shingled town of Oliveto, perched above an Italian wheat valley, while his father stayed behind at his New York garage job where the grease and work were less tiresome than his wife's perennial romantic unhappiness. Instead of the meager view afforded from Italian bedroom windows in recent novels like Moravia's "The Woman of Rome," Oscar DeLiso's narrative offers a wide and vital view by having Aldo Lucano serve his apprenticeship to life as a student and cavalry recruit in direct contact with the evils of Fascism.

There was an undercurrent of peasant discontent in Oliveto, which reached its peak when the peasants seized the unused but Government-held farmlands of Chiosco. Aldo drifted into this struggle by way of a peasant girl, Francesco, and shared the fate of the peasants when Mussolini's blackshirts stormed the farmlands.

Such is the barest outline of "Wheat of Night," a brilliant successor to Oscar DeLiso's first notable novel, "God's Thumb Down." Again there is an inexhaustible fund of characters and events, which crowd each other but do not jostle, and a style which converts the prosaic into the poetic, so that the writing is of a high, creative order.

Through an assortment of Fascists, anti-Fascists, and indifferent ones, DeLiso, like Silone and Carlo Levi, makes the differences clear, not by the handbook method but by homely metaphors from the imagination of the peasant. Trying to explain why the people of the militia and the bureaucracy sent down from Rome like scavengers are distasteful, one of the peasants observes:

> They eat, they sleep, and they do not care to work the land. Certainly they do not love the land, for loving means working it, touching it, lifting it, as land is like women. There is no loving without the lifting of the earth, without the digging of the furrows, without the seeding. No, you do not love a flower if you sit and look at it without watering it, letting it dry and die.

What happened when peasants who thought and felt this way were recruited into the army? They simply could not transfer the same enthusiasm and love which they harbored for their land and their women to guns or cavalry horses. This comes across grimly in the pathetically humorous sections of the novel dealing with the training of the "Abyssinian heroes."

Of necessity, many of the minor characters who wander into and out of Aldo's life are drawn in black and white because of their brief appearance. However, Francesca, the girl with whom Aldo had been prepared to leave the hopeless situation in Italy, is an important character who fails to strike a chord of credibility, perhaps because her love relationship with

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Aldo is little more than overworked idyllicism.

Evident in Mr. DeLiso's first novel were minor shortcomings that should have been avoided in his second book; but still present are tendencies to ramble without holding overflow material in check and to be unnecessarily melodramatic on occasions. An example of the latter is the ending of "Wheat of Night," where the author concludes with a wild burst of melodrama which does violence to an otherwise realistic and forceful novel, as Aldo exposes himself in a reckless gesture and joins Francesca in a kind of Wagnerian Liebestod.

Existentialism & Eve

THE BACKWARD BRIDE. By Aubrey Menen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 180 *pp.* $2.75.

By HARRISON SMITH

AUBREY MENEN's latest light and agreeable, nonsensical satire is another of his conversation pieces in which the author is speaking through the mouths of an odd collection of people in a manner that reminds the reader of the masks used in O'Neill's "Great God Brown." There can be no doubt of the quality of Mr. Menen's wit or his ability to ridicule the more or less current beliefs and literary foibles of grown-up people who ought, according to him, to have sense enough to realize how foolish they are to believe in psychoanalysis, existentialism, or the inevitable victory of reason over human emotions.

In "The Backward Bride" his recipe is admirably simple. Take an intellectual and annoyingly pedantic student out of a Sicilian college, marry him to a beautiful, uneducated girl, and send them abroad in charge of his uncle, the notorious brigand of Monte Tauro, and the result is bound to be appetizing. Aquila, the bridegroom, is more enamored with his idol, a British professor whose nonconformist philosophy he had devoured, than he is with his bride. His discourses in the night on Professor Lissom's ideas on conventional morality entertain her so little that she determines to teach him a lesson. Aquila wakes one morning in London to discover a note on his pillow, "Have run away to live in sin for a week with Professor Lissom"; but she slyly leaves the address of the philosopher's love-nest with Uncle Georgio.

—*Hunnar.*

Aubrey Menen—"light, agreeable, nonsensical satire."

By this time it is obvious to the reader that Anisetta doesn't really intend to live in sin with a middle-aged professor or any other male, so that when she flees with him to Paris and goes to live with a genuine marquis, who is trying to please his mother by becoming an existentialist, no one is likely to be shocked. In the same manner she equips herself with two American "lovers," a collegiate mother's boy who has renounced his country for One World, and a middle-aged, discursive expatriate. These diversions were forced on her by a telegram from Aquila which ended with words that under the circumstances would drive almost any woman into sin. It read, "Gravely shaken but keeping open mind. Do not miss opportunity to visit Notre Dame, only cathedral in world once dedicated to Goddess of Reason. See you soon. Your loving husband, Aquila."

The theory behind all of this pleasant nonsense is that any strongminded young woman who is thwarted in love and who wants a baby can confound any and all thoughtful, learned, and rational males. "I've got my way, just as I knew I would," she says to the entire cast of the comedy assembled in the last chapter. "You all looked down on me because I was a simple, ignorant woman. What was Eve doing while Adam was rushing up and down the Garden of Eden naming all the animals? She was sitting under an apple tree with a silly look on her face . . . plotting. And before anybody knew where they were she'd had Cain and Abel, and nothing's ever been the same since."

The blurb on the jacket of "The Backward Bride" takes the book more seriously than the author intended. "Do not read this book," it warns the hesitating buyer, "if you have any faith . . . for you will be outraged, perhaps even assailed by doubts of your cherished beliefs." It is doubtful if any firmly held or cherished beliefs will be discarded by anyone as the result of Mr. Menen's extravaganza; but there may be some doubt in the minds of those who are in control of their faculties after reading it as to the validity of a group of characters, all of whom talk in the same clear accents which undoubtedly have come straight out of the English university in which Mr. Menen was educated.

Devil in Hub Flesh

THE SHADOW OF A MAN. By May Sarton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 304 *pp.* $2.75.

By MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

IT IS NOT enough to say that this is a beautifully written novel about a young man from Boston whose inner conflict is resolved by an affair with an older woman in Paris. Miss Sarton's previous work as a poet and novelist has warranted serious critical attention. But more than that, in this case, the implication of her theme and the meaning underlying her development of it make the critical problem of "The Shadow of a Man" a rewarding study. The theme — the impact of Europe on a visiting American — and the background, Paris, make one recall Henry James's "The Ambassadors," considered by many to be his greatest novel. It is fascinating to analyze the two works side by side, appraising Miss Sarton's and Henry James's values. Such is the caliber of Miss Sarton's novel that it does not suffer by the comparison.

Miss Sarton's Francis Adams Chabrier is a young man whom we see first at the brilliantly described Boston funeral of his mother, Persis Bradford. He is vivid immediately, torn by the fact of his half-French, half-American parentage, torn also

—*Peter Rossiter.*

May Sarton—"without any Jamesian hairsplitting."

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because he had never known his father and because his mother had called out all his adoration. He is therefore neither at home in America nor in himself.

Henry James's Strether is a man not quite so young, and shown at first in no such conflict. But as Francis is dominated by the memory of his mother, Strether, the man in whom that so-called "American innocence" is so very evident, is dominated by Mrs. Newsome, a very rich older woman. Strether is the impecunious editor of a literary magazine she owns and he is presently to marry her and so attain position and security for life.

Francis Chabrier, in Miss Sarton's book, driven by his sense of conflict, goes to Paris to discover for himself the tradition of his French father. He falls in love with a brilliant, much older French woman who was his mother's best friend, and is by her introduced to modern Paris. They have a passionate affair which she terminates.

Henry James's Strether is sent to Paris by Mrs. Newsome to try to free her son, Chad, from an entangling affair with a young French woman, Madame de Vionnet. He finds Chad far from ruined, greatly improved by the association with the lady. The effect of this on Strether is to open his eyes to values of which he had not been aware. The climax of the novel, the great test of the change in Strether, comes in that exquisitely Jamesian scene by the river in which Strether is made to realize that Madame de Vionnet's relations with Chad are not innocent at all. If he is shocked, that is not the point. He sees how much more Chad must be encouraged to be faithful to her and how even more impossible it would be for him to go back to Mrs. Newsome, whose values and way of thinking are no longer his.

Miss Sarton, on the other hand, without any of this Jamesian hair-splitting, describes brilliantly the details of Francis Chabrier's affair with Solange Bernard, his amazement and delight in sexual freedom, the passion,

Hal Ellson—"Burglary and murder are not exactly childish mischief."

the exhausting and barren fury. But the affair is not terminated by Francis but by Solange. It is Francis who suffers loss, although not of her affectionate friendship. Solange sends him on a trip to Chartres. In the Cathedral he feels better and decides that he will return to America and become a teacher. He goes back to his mother's house in Boston, which is now his, falls in love with the nice young girl who had always loved him, and plans his future teaching in a Western college, happy in the belief that it is exactly what his mother would have wanted.

There are in both these books any number of details which would be pleasant to study. The varying ways each describes Paris, for example: Henry James's so fresh, well felt, and immediate, Miss Sarton's so almost literary and so often poetic. But the fact is that neither is a story of Paris at all. They are the stories of the coming-of-age of two men.

I wonder how much value Francis Chabrier's teaching will have, in that Western school, where he will probably do the intermediate French and lecture on the French romanticists, gathering about him the aura that comes from being an heir of the rich tradition of French and Bostonian culture, of which Miss Sarton speaks so favorably. How well can a man teach who under such a cloak hides the slow withering-before-ripeness or the fatty degeneration of emotional immaturity of a will that is never exercised?

It is Strether who, the steely delicacy and the unerring taste of Henry James makes us understand, has progressed toward the end of all conscious living, an awareness of great values of human freedom and human integrity.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 854)

MARGUERITE J. ADAMS:
DOWNPOUR

My heart is heavy with the sense
of spring,
and restless footsteps quicken;
pronged weapons jut across the
somber skies
while dark clouds thicken.
Under that terrible and splintering
sound
Even the rain is drowned.

City Savages

TOMBOY. By Hal Ellson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 215 pp. $2.75.

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

THE INSISTENCE of the publishers and Dr. Fredric Wertham, who contributes the introduction, on the authenticity of Hal Ellson's material discounts the average reader's intelligence. No one who lives in a large city, or who has access to current copies of newspapers and magazines, will question the validity of Tomboy's story. Case histories of juvenile delinquents, sadly enough, are increasingly familiar to the lay public: movies have taken up the problem, and there has been at least one dramatic version of the theme on Broadway.

Mr. Ellson writes what might be called the biography of a fifteen-year-old girl, a member of that modern tribe of savages, the teen-age gang. No parent, school, or church takes the slightest interest in the activities of this particular organization known as the Harps and yet the efforts of the police to cope with them are made to seem faintly discreditable. Just who else is to be persuaded to check the success of Tomboy and her friends in their perpetration of a long series of brutal, degrading—and appallingly stupid—crimes, is not specified. Burglary and murder are not exactly childish mischief.

Dr. Wertham would have us believe that these offenses are dictated by "disguised" fears, but subnormal mentality is also indicated in the behavior of these bored and neglected children. Their war cry is that there is nothing to do and since neither school nor jobs entice them, they rob small stores, mug drunks, inflict physical torture on each other, and go in heavily for sex relations, their attitudes boastful and self-conscious.

Tomboy, drab heroine of a drab recital that lacks plot, is an exhibitionist, proud of her ability to keep up with the boys and ahead of the girls, with whom she shares membership in the Harps. She is a disconcerting heroine in that the only interest she inspires is clinical. A social worker might discern some hope for her, but for the nonpsychological she possesses not one decent or admirable trait. Since presumably monsters are made, not born, the cause looms larger than the effects over which Mr. Ellson drapes his thin fiction veil.

The easy answer is to blame society — forgetting that Tomboy, her

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Style Makes the Man

ANTONIO IGLESIAS

WHEN we speak of style in literature, what exactly do we mean by it? Of all its definitions I know, Cardinal Newman's is the most accurate. For, being a superb dialectician, the author of "A Grammar of Assent" naturally defined style as "a thinking out into language." In doing so he probably did not realize that even his own lyric poetry overflowed the bounds of his definition. Because what a poet expresses is as much a feeling out as a thinking out into language.

T. S. Eliot has gone so far as to declare that neither "Shakespeare nor Dante did any real thinking." And another British writer, John Drinkwater, once wrote that Shakespeare did not reason out or think about anything but merely *perceived* all that wealth of wisdom that we now possess in his works. However exaggerated these observations may be, who would dare assert that Dante and Shakespeare had no literary style to speak of because they had no original thoughts of their own to think out into their magnificent language?

Newman was right, nevertheless, in emphasizing the mysterious action whereby the inner process of thinking emerges from the writer into the objective and outer world through his verbal expression. Because even the shallowest of literary compositions is a composite blend of thought and language. When we think, we can introspectively detect our thoughts feeding upon our language very much as the flame of a lamp feeds upon the oil it draws through the wick. And when we write we can watch our words shaping our thoughts as transparent glass containers visibly mold to their own shapes the liquid that is poured into them. Moreover, anyone who has seriously tried accurately to translate thoughts from one language to another knows how words and their connotations inevitably and subtly color and flavor the ideas they convey.

This interpenetration of thought and language enables us to clarify a little further that old distinction between outward form and inner content in literature. In writing, form is not an outward verbal shape that can be detached without loss from its intelligible content, but is rather the creative inner essense that fashions the work from within, the form that *in*forms. A literary work is a dynamic and creative idea that creates its own expression out of the language that flows in and out of the writer's consciousness, as the sea flows in and out of a sponge lying in its bottom.

Thus we see that style is much more than a thinking and a feeling and a revealing out into language. As Buffon asserted, with pardonable illogicality, "the style is the man himself." This bold and illuminating assertion can be understood much better if we remember that all human thinking—even the "impersonal" and "abstract" professional thinking of scientists and philosophers—is, in its original generative spontaneity, an enormously complex living process that takes place, not in the mind and brain alone, but in the whole body and soul of the man thinking. And let us also keep in mind that in such a synthetic process—which throbs with life—ideas and words, perceptions and intuitions, memories of facts and events and of emotions recollected in tranquility, as well as present feelings and emotions, constantly interact upon one another in a creative fusion. So that the literary artist is, not a specialist who dips ready-made cold abstractions into the molten wax of his living, personal experiences so as to concretize them into poetic images, but a human creator who embodies ideas into words, personifies principles and types into lifelike men and women—and thus sets thoughts aglowing in incandescent language. All the while he loves intensely what he creates through his feeling mind and his thinking heart.

THE style is so much the man himself that in St. Paul's Epistles, for example, we catch arresting glimpses of a very complex person, emotional and imaginative, intuitive and passionate, impetuous and brave, dogmatic and decisive, fanatical and creative, violently wrathful and yet capable of the tenderest paternal love, often arrogant before men and always humble before God. In Bacon's Essays, on the other hand, we see the vivid reflections of an Elizabethan aristocrat with a fine intellect, an exquisite artistic taste, a cold and calculating heart, a wide and profound knowledge of the ways of the world; a subtle logician and a daring philosopher possessing all the Machiavellian refinements of a Renaissance courtier and the practical wisdom of a shrewd man of worldly affairs. And in another collection of famous essays we detect, behind Elia's thin disguise, the tragic and lovable figure of Charles Lamb, that average bookkeeper with no ear for instrumental music and such a fine sense of prose rhythms; the heroic bachelor whose only begotten children were made of the stuff of daydreams; the "exclusive" lover of the city who, in his heart of hearts, tenderly loved all things almost as fervently as did his older spiritual brother, St. Francis of Assisi.

STYLE is such a relentless revealer of a man's personality that even the writer's secret defects and weaknesses and vices are mirrored in what he writes. The thumping of Lord Byron's clubfoot can be heard as a sort of metronomic beat, even under the full orchestration of his most eloquent poetic passages. The sickening smell of laudanum can be detected in practically all of De Quincey's writings and not alone in the celebrated "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." And Nietzsche's frustrations as a man and as a poet are only too evident in his attitudinizing truculence.

Schopenhauer was right, therefore, when he wrote that "style is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face. . . . A man's

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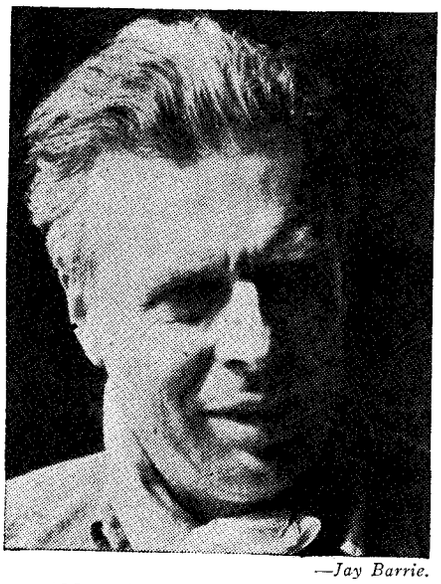
style shows the *formal* nature of all his thoughts—the formal nature which can never change, be the subject or the character of his thoughts what it may; it is, as it were, the dough out of which all the contents of his mind are kneaded." A man's style, however, as we have seen, shows much more than the formative nature of all his thoughts because it reveals the depth and the range of his feelings and emotions, his perceptivity and his intuitive capacity, his sympathies and his antipathies, as well as the changeless substance out of which are shaped all the written expressions of his rational mind. So that a man's style is the candid self-portrait of his entire personality rather than the mere physiognomy of his mind mirrored in his written language. For in what he writes the writer unconsciously creates a magic mirror which inexorably and permanently reflects, for all his readers to see, the very formations, conformations, and deformations of his naked self.

This capacity of style faithfully to reflect the very soul of its maker is one of the richest ironies of literature. Because what the writer deliberately and consciously sets out to do is to convey his ideas or express his emotions or reveal the insights that have been granted to him. And yet, in the very act of so doing, he unwittingly paints his own spiritual portrait by the unique personal manner in which he brings out of himself what he gives to his readers.

IN THE radically different styles of two well-known American writers who happened to be brothers we see, for example, the manifestations of two contrasting mental attitudes and of two dissimilar creative personalities. In Henry James's novels and short stories we witness the operations of a subtle, fastidious, and meticulous intelligence delicately exploring the intricacies of the human soul and never seeming to be able to decide with complete assurance what is the fundamental character of the men and women it creates. Of Henry James it can be said that his style is not merely a thinking out into language but a slow and painful making up of his mind in public.



—*Jay Barrie.*

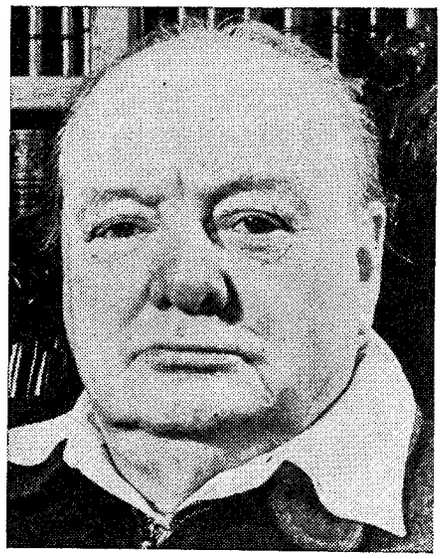
Aldous Huxley—earnest truth-seeking.

HIS brother, on the other hand, was a happy combination of what he himself called "the tender-minded" and "the tough-minded." In William James's beautifully precise and smooth style we discover another subtle and careful intelligence which, having delicately explored beforehand all the intricacies of a philosophical problem, has triumphantly made up its mind as to the nature and meaning of the problem. William James was as lavishly endowed with intellect, poetic insight, and culture as his brother; but the decisiveness of his character and the boldness of his mind enabled him to assert and affirm whereas Henry only insinuated and suggested.

—*Gisele Freund-Magnum.*

T. S. Eliot—"penetrating poetic insight."

When the writer happens to be also a man of action, it is a fascinating and rewarding intellectual exercise to verify in his overt public acts the characteristics that are reflected in his written works. The man acts out his style. The discerning reader sees in "Mein Kampf" the bitter and boundless hatreds, the arrogant, groundless assumptions, the dismal ignorance and terrifying lack of ethical and cultural values, the fanatical convictions, the absurd mixtures of fact and fancy, the utter absence of mental objectivity and spiritual serenity, and the murderous inner contradictions which made of that strange book such a monstrous blueprint for its immediate future.



Winston S. Churchill—"defiant ideals."

In Winston Churchill's markedly literary style are vividly mirrored the rich poetic tradition, the sonorous eloquence and classical rhetoric, the vast and complex cultural inheritance, the aristocratic graces and charms, the defiant democratic ideals and Christian principles for which Churchill the statesman fought so brilliantly. In those tragic and momentous days the style and the man were one and the same in a harmonious and heroic unity.

A writer's style may even grant to his thoughtful and understanding readers prophetic hints of later radical transformations in the man himself. The reader, some twenty years ago, of "The Waste Land" and "The Hollow Men" could see that Eliot's tragic vision of human life, his profound spirituality, and penetrating poetic insight would lead him eventually out of the hopeless desolation of that land of draughts and vacant lots, of musty parlors and filthy alleys, and of cheap boarding-houses. Eliot could never resign himself to be a denizen of such a world—measuring out his life therein with coffee spoons and waiting for it to end with a whimper. It was clear even then that sooner or later he would turn away from the poetic contemplation of human degradation to the world of values so clearly implied in the relentless criticism of his own times.

A similar transformation has occurred in the creative personality of Aldous Huxley. The author of "Point Counter Point" and of "Brave New World" presented himself to mankind as an implacable iconoclast, a brilliant caricaturist, and a heartless satirist who was willing to tear his fellowmen to pieces provided he could wrench them away from their follies, their

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pettiness, their moral blindness, their spiritual insensibility, their amoralism, and their practical atheism. And yet, looking deeply into the magic mirror of his style, behind the pitiless social critic, one could discern an earnest truth-seeker, a high-minded moralist, an austere rationalist, and a universal humanist bent on saving man from those shortcomings that he exposes with such harshness and such skill. And one could also foresee that a writer as gifted as Huxley would find his own spiritual salvation in trying so hard to save others—reflected with masterful clarity in "The Perennial Philosophy."

The writer's very style prevents him from either dissimulating what he really is or simulating what he is not. For in the act of writing he paints his spiritual self-portrait and thus brings to his reader's judgment a character witness from whose veracious testimony he can no longer escape. George Bernard Shaw has tried, with malicious deliberation, to deceive the world about his true nature, but his style is traitorously true. In his forties and fifties, for instance, he had himself photographed as the *fin-de-siècle* version of Mephistopheles so as to look equal to his professed diabolical cleverness and nihilism. But, in doing so, such an impassioned apostle of Fabian Socialism and such a devout believer in the Life Force and in Creative Evolution was merely perpetrating one of his harmless prankish deceptions. Behind his fiendish mask and cynicism Shaw has always been a pretty good fellow, whose bouncing and joyous style is the outward and visible sign of his invincible optimism and of his perennial youthfulness.

Antonio Iglesias is the author of "Culture's Emergent Pathway."

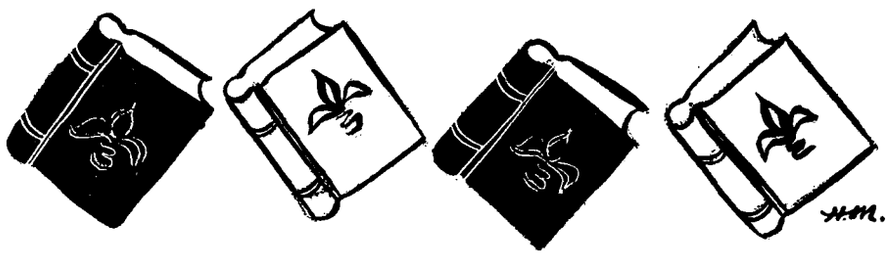
The Mourning Dove

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

DELETE the c in coo;
The dove's dim syllable
As word is untranslatable.
This hollowness contains no consonant,
Only the pure emotion of the vowel,
The less articulate but more profound,
Close to the root and absolute of sound—
The labial of sorrow, iterant,
Its tone of timelessness
Sounding the same abyss
With each renewal.

. . . Deep through the world it comes in muted dole,
The soft relentless pulsing of the soul.

The Way We Talk & Why



WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. New York: Wilfred Funk. 432 *pp.* $3.95.

THEREBY HANGS A TALE: Stories of Curious Word Origins. By Charles Earle Funk. New York: Harper & Bros. 303 *pp.* $3.50.

LEAVE YOUR LANGUAGE ALONE. By Robert A. Hall, Jr. Ithaca, N. Y.: Linguistica. 254 *pp.* $3.

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

THERE was a story current in the 1880's of a man who boasted that he was reading the dictionary through. A friend asked, "How do you find it?" "Quite interesting, but the stories are very short." From that anecdote Arthur Gilman took a title and wrote his little book "Short Stories from the Dictionary," one of the first, perhaps the first, to popularize the fascinating science of etymology (*etymon*, root; *logos*, word), a solemn term that but faintly suggests the curious and sometimes amazing stories behind the births and histories of the words we daily speak.

Since then there have been many such books, with Mencken's monumental works as the high spots, for the subject is apparently inexhaustible and has many facets. For instance, there was a sort of contest in the old *St. Nicholas* as to how many consecutive "thats" could legitimately be used in a single sentence, which produced this: "Jane said that that 'that' that that boy parsed was not that 'that' that that gentleman meant." And the "New Oxford Dictionary" found it necessary to use five pages, 137½ inches, properly to define that humble word. Last year a Wisconsin professor put the results of a Government survey of our colloquial habits into an atlas ("A Word Geography of Eastern United States," by Hans Kurath) with maps showing where the natives say "frying pan" and where they call it a "spider," or in what areas a "pantry" is a "buttery." Shaw's "Pygmalion" was another illuminating contribution, for language is one of the most revealing of humanity's manifestations, full of history, romance, folklore, and social distinctions.

Here are two more books aimed at the general reader, shorn of the paraphernalia (literally the household goods brought by the bride in addition to her dowry) of the scientific etymologist, on the ever-fresh theme of the origins of words. Their subjects are the same, their titles similar, they are published almost simultaneously, both authors are named Funk, both are Litt. D's., about the same age, and each formerly was part of the staff of Funk & Wagnalls, the dictionary house. But the two books, while covering much the same ground, have some interesting differences. Dr. Wilfred gives more words but Dr. Charles tells longer stories about his selections. He also uses the alphabetical arrangement after the pattern of the etymological dictionaries of Ernest Weekley and Joseph Shipley, while Dr. Wilfred groups his words in categories: "Words from Proper Names," "Your Garden," "Your Dining Table," "Business Terms," "Animal Names," and so on. His book is held together by a thread of narrative, making it a reading book (and it is eminently readable), affording the author opportunity to ramble down tempting by-paths, which the Procrustean (from a robber giant who cut down his victims to fit his bed) alphabetic form does not permit. Also Dr. Wilfred's work has a good index, which gives it the full quality of a reference book.

Dr. Wilfred gives the case histories of about 3,500 words; Dr. Charles some 700. Under the A classification the former has 355, the latter forty-five. Of these thirty are the same word, and about the same proportion of coincidence prevails throughout. There is no divergence as to origins of the words the books have in common, naturally, for both men have worked with that incomparable etymologist, Frank H. Vizetelley, who has done much research in this field. Both books are concerned with such odd and delightful bits of information as

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that *tragedy* means "goat song" (no one knows why) and *comedy* a "drinking party" ("The Cocktail Party" is early Greek?); that *lewd* once meant "unlettered"; *Alcatraz* a "water bucket"; *pagan* a "rustic yokel"; that *mob* is a contraction (of *mobile vulgus*, the "milling herd") like *bus* and *pants*; that we now call it a *sandwich* because an English lord could not stop gambling long enough to eat, and that *humble pie* was once *umble pie* (umbles, entrails) eaten by the lowly. Words from proper names (*dunce, boycott, mesmerism, bloomers*) is a fertile and rewarding field, but only a judicious selection is given in either book.

"Leave Your Language Alone," by Robert A. Hall, Jr., associate professor of linguistics at Cornell University, gives the general reader other aspects of language than the origin of words. It deals with the science of linguistics and is a scholarly work, but is nevertheless lively and even exciting reading. It gets away with a dramatic blast at grammatical taboos that blows my "Fowler's Usage" right off the desk. "It's me," says Professor Hall, is just as correct as "It is I." "Ain't" and "don't" are perfectly good English; there is no authority whatever for the supposed distinction between "shall" and "will," while as for ending a sentence with a preposition or splitting an infinitive, pooh! Such ill-advised rules arose from the attempts of the early grammarians to squeeze English into the forms of the Latin grammar because of the vogue of Latin in the Middle Ages. That speech is best which best conveys your meaning, so just talk naturally. The only taboos are social, not grammatical.

If your group, your social and intellectual equals, say, "It is I," then it is politic to confirm lest you incur their adverse criticism. In other words, for current usage the practice of your circle is your guide. And current usage is constantly changing. The time may come when all well-educated people will say, "It's me," as many do now. It has happened with other so-called solecisms. Having cleared away our grammatical complexes by what he calls shock treatment, the author goes on to his main theme of what makes language tick.

Linguistics is a study of the slow, relentless change that goes on in all living languages. And language, says Dr. Hall, means speech, not the written (or printed) words, which are simply methods of recording speech and are secondary considerations. Words are composed of sounds, not letters, and in the lingo of linguistics these sounds are known as phonemes, the units, the "building blocks" of speech. A simple word, such as "bit" is composed of three phonemes. In order to record these phonemes it has been necessary to construct a phonetic alphabet with a character for the sound made by each position of the tongue, teeth, lips, soft palate, pharynx, and nasal cavity. Language is ever on the march, and a study of phonemes tells us how and why. Chaucer wrote good English but how many can read him easily today? Spellings alter, meanings change, pronunciations shift, and the study of linguistics is a study of this evolution. The book is thus a commentary on those of the Messrs. Funk, describing the forces at work that create and change words.

Dr. Hall discusses with the same gusto two timely topics: spelling reform and a world language. The former he considers desirable but impossible of attainment, particularly in this country, for only an absolute dictator could put it over. As for a universal language, he does not think much of any suggestion so far made, from Ido to Basic English, but inclines toward "pidgin" as the most promising point of departure. But he doubts that it would be worth while, for even allowing that the objective could be and is achieved, he points out that these same evolutionary forces, working differently in each nation according to its local cultural mores, would cause changes so that in the long course of time we would be right back at the Tower of Babel we set out from.

This brief comment does scant justice to what seems a significant book (but, alas! no index). The comments on teaching languages, English or foreign, are worth every teacher's attention. Purists and grammarians will rage, but the book lets fresh air into a discussion of our most important tool. And if Dr. Hall's style is the result of being a professor of linguistics, then I commend that study to those who wish to write simple, lucid English.

Earnest Elmo Calkins is a retired advertising executive. His books include "The Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses" and "They Broke the Prairie."

The Personal Appellation

THE STORY OF OUR NAMES. By Elsdon C. Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 296 pp. $3.75.

By Bergen Evans

AN EGYPTIAN account of the creation says that the great god Neb-er-tcher first made his own mouth and then brought himself into being by uttering his own name.

Certainly it is hard to conceive of things, and even less of persons, apart from their names. Naming is knowing as much as seeing is believing. Mr. Smith—drawn to the subject, perhaps, by the commonalty of his own name (which, like Ben Adhem's, leads all the rest)—has brought together a vast amount of information concerning our names. He describes their history, their meanings, their national similarities and differences, the taboos that surround and shape them, the anarchy that is rapidly changing them, and the pressures that threaten to supplant them with more efficient if less colorful designations.

Names in the sense that we know them, that is, a given name and surname, are surprisingly new in the world. They did not come into general use in England until the fifteenth century, in Poland until the eighteenth, in Sweden until the end of the nineteenth, and in Turkey in 1933. So long as communities were small and populations stationary, one name sufficed, eked out, usually, with some individual differentiation earned by a trade, place of dwelling, physical peculiarity, or the like. "Today," says Mr. Smith, "we are apt to consider that a Mr. Brown is called William to distinguish him from the other Browns, but formerly he was only called Brown to distinguish him from the other Williams."

But recent as full names are, they may even now be obsolete. The immense multiplication of numbers and the unprecedented movement of peoples has made a more certain identification of the individual necessary. Within the past few generations we have resorted to middle names (until yesterday the adornment solely of kings and other great ones) and have tacked on addresses, but even these are inadequate for such tremendous compilations as Social Security and draft registration require. Montana has already enacted a law requiring every child born within its boundaries (after January 1, 1949) to be numbered, and other states will probably pass similar laws. But even that won't be absolute. People will

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take to numbering their children after favorite uncles or movie stars and lose all sense of the meaning of the number. The Romans used to number their children, but the numbers apparently became names and lost their numerical significance. For we know that Cicero's only brother was called Quintus.

There is great anarchy in names today. The Council of Nicea and, later, many of the Protestant churches forbade the use of heathen and outlandish names. But with the decline of the churches' influence and the growth of a romantic seeking for individuality at any cost the traditional names are being replaced by nicknames, abbreviations, or whatever fantastic agglomeration of syllables parental fatuity can conceive. Children are named after holidays, flowers, minerals, patent medicines, and even diseases, not excluding the venereal. Sometimes these inventions have a certain merit, as pathos in *Lucy Never Seen Joe* for a posthumous child, or aptness—as in *Fly Fornication* for an illegitimate child. But most of them are based on a desire to be cute, as *Kate* and *Duplicate* for twins. These last, by the way, were rejected by the Church of England in 1946. The minister refused to baptise children under those names and he was upheld by the chancellor of his diocese, but the mother, infatuated with her own wit and preferring her jest to her children's peace, went ahead and foisted the names upon the luckless babes all the same.

An interesting aspect of this anarchy is the increasing appropriation of masculine names by girls. Almost any name ending in *-ie* that was formerly thought of as a boy's name is likely today to be a girl's name—as Tommie, Bobbie, Jimmie, Billie, and so on. In coeducational colleges where there are large classes it is already a more than trifling problem and gums up the college statistics wonderfully. The process has been going on time out of mind (Alice and Emma were originally masculine names, says Mr. Smith) but its rate of acceleration is a phenomenon of the modern world. We may soon come, like the Hawaiians, to make no distinction of sex in our names.

This is an informative and amusing book. There is a bibliography for those who want to read further in particulars. There is an index of names, but there should have been a general index as well because there is a great deal to which the reader will want to return.

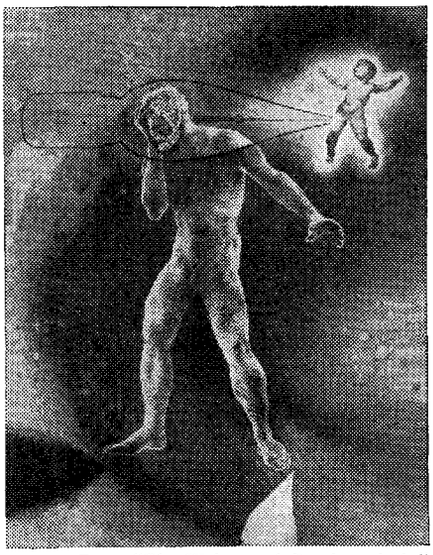
Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, is author of "The Natural History of Nonsense."

The X That Makes an Author

THE WRITER AND PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Edmund Bergler. New York: Doubleday & Co. 265 pp. $3.50.

By Gorham Munson

BERGLER has rushed in where Freud feared to tread. "The nature of artistic attainment," said Freud, "is psychoanalytically inaccessible," but Bergler braces himself with Freud's prediction that "one day we shall surely be capable of characterizing metapsychologically" such things as "the pleasure of the artist in creation." He then unveils his new theory



—From "The Writer and Psychoanalysis."

of "the biological *and* psychological X, producing the phenomenon 'the writer'" with an air that implies: After Freud comes Bergler!

Temperamentally, Bergler does not belong to the scientific tradition which recommends caution in examining evidence and inculcates humility. On his first page he accepts uncritically a newspaper "pick-up" of a publisher's publicity release on the number of American adults who want to write and immediately declares that there are many more. As one who had a hand in composing this bit of publicity material, this reviewer knows what a grab-it-out-of-the-air "guestimate" Bergler is swallowing. On page seven he hurriedly misreads Poe — "Let us dismiss," said Poe, "as irrelevant to the poem per se, the circumstances—or say the necessity—which, in the first place, gave rise to the *intention* of composing a poem that should suit at once *the popular and the critical taste*" (italics for Dr. Bergler's benefit) — and says that Poe has stated the case for the psychoanalyst: "It is exactly that which he wishes to dismiss as irrelevant — the circumstance (unconscious or conscious) or the necessity (unconscious) — which is the province of psychoanalytic study." Dr. Bergler has a propensity to leap uncritically to interpretations and conclusions.

Consequently, it is not, surprising to find him admitting, while analyzing a trick story by Jellinek, that "we need not fear to maintain a fact that is contrasting with the author's own demonstration," which means, to judge by Bergler's example, we need not fear to put into a story something the author didn't. The author has made a "psychological error," that's all. Naturally, with this lack of humility before the facts of a story, Bergler can always find just what he seeks to confirm his theory. What he reports that he sees sometimes makes you bug-eyed, but — is it science?

One has to sweat to make out Dr. Bergler's theory of why writers write. In the first place, it is couched in the thick jargon of psychoanalysis; in the second place, Dr. Bergler does not suffer from "anxiety about the right word" which he finds a symptom of the "writer's alibi operation"; in the third place, he leaves key words so loosely defined that, for example, "writer" varies from a person with a mere itch to a poet. Would that Dr. Bergler had more anxiety about a word he uses several times, "overdimensional" (*e.g.*, "the amount of oral difficulties in writers is overdimensional"). As for definitions, it at length appears that by what he calls "real writers," Dr. Bergler means imaginative writers. The others are hacks and hucksters, pseudo-writers and inhibited writers.

Here are a few Bergler-isms to indicate the kind of theory he has spun about writers and his weakness for the sweeping statement:

> Every writer fights a never-ending battle with his peeping (voyeuristic) tendencies . . . imagination is the "purified" successor to infantile peeping.
>
> . . . writers concern themselves in their works exclusively with abnormal human reactions.
>
> Since the mechanisms underlying writing, alcoholism, and homosexuality all belong to oral regressions, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that they are frequently found in combination.
>
> The writer is an exquisite voyeur (imagination), who transposes the voyeuristic tendency into exhibitionism as a defense: by writing, he exhibits before the reader.

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Normal people just don't feel impelled to write.

The writer's basic *inner conflict* pertains with amazing monotony to the psychic masochist's solution of his relation to the mother image.

The writer is the most antisocial being conceivable.

Whatever proof Dr. Bergler has of his generalizations is not made accessible to the reader. There are many footnotes but most refer to Bergler's own writings; usually the authority for Bergler's statements turns out to be — Bergler. He does say that his theory of the orally regressed, masochistic writer is not yet generally accepted by his psychoanalytic colleagues. At this stage, let us leave to them the decision about the identification of words with mother's milk and content ourselves with the observation that Dr. Bergler conceives of writing as self-expression (self-manifestation) and examines neither the psychology of communication nor the psychology of evolution.

Gorham Munson has given courses in professional writing at the New School for Social Research and the Rand School in New York for two decades. He is the author of "The Written Word" and several other books.

—*Carl Van Vechten.*

Leo Stein: "A Columbus setting sail for a world beyond the world."

Gertrude's Estranged Brother

JOURNEY INTO THE SELF: Being the Letters, Papers & Journals of Leo Stein. Edited by Edmund Fuller. New York: Crown Publishers. 331 *pp.* $4.

By Richard McLaughlin

PERHAPS there should be a law against publishing posthumously the literary scraps of persons whose concept of self-greatness fails to match up with their scanty experience or endeavors. Leo Stein, brother of the famous Gertrude, was a "critic born" to friends, but he did not have the magnetic personality of his sister Gertrude. Nor had he her expansiveness or gusto for living. Both were perhaps neurotics as a result of an unconventional upbringing in which social discipline played little or no part. Still, Gertrude proved to be better equipped to make her way in the world, since she went all out to meet people, their interests never failing to intrigue her. Leo, on the other hand, as his letters and journal notes reveal too well, cared more for ideas than people. He was the introspective, self-distrusting, analytic, crabbed neurotic whose continual bouts of ill health forced him to withdraw more and more within himself.

This disappointing volume, contrary no doubt to the intentions of Leo Stein and his select band of admirers, succeeds in drawing sympathy, even a certain admiration, for Gertrude as never before. Until now there has been mostly conjecture about the rift between brother and sister; some were inclined to believe that Gertrude Stein had taken advantage of her brother's superior intellect and his discoveries of the "moderns" in painting to further her own path toward "la gloire." However, none of us actually knows the real circumstances behind their separation. Leo's correspondence would suggest, if anything, that there was as much professional antagonism as disapprobation of Gertrude's experimental writing that brought about Leo's break with his sister. Why he should have abhorred her experiments in prose when he regarded himself as an experimenter in ideas, we'll never fully know. But it leads us to wonder if the touching, highly admirable picture of Leo Stein's unheralded greatness has not been a shrewdly concocted legend all along. Perhaps his devotees have been a little too anxious in putting over this picture on the public of the great man overshadowed by the extrovert posturings of his sister with her inferior talent. Nevertheless, they all but had us fooled; for "Appreciation" was such a good book that it is difficult now to reconcile its author with the sour, splenetic, egocentric self exposed in these pages.

Leo Stein may have had a greater mind, in an eclectic or encyclopedic sense, than Gertrude, but we seriously question whether he had anything like her originality. Occupied as he was with himself, he never gives us the opportunity to perceive the whole man. Instead, these personal papers show a hopelessly muddled human being who could not know anything about himself because he never once got close enough to others to compare notes. Yet Leo insists that he made remarkable strides in overcoming his neuroses through psychoanalysis on his own. A devout follower of Freud and William James, he spent nearly all his life trying to find a practical method of exploring the self. Believing that he had gone much farther than James in his study and practice of pragmatism, he conversely betrays here not only a curious insensibility to the age in which he lived but an alarming deficiency when it came to knowing his real personality. For example, he thought he was burdened forever with an inferiority complex and was incapable of taking himself seriously. The following passage hardly reads like that of a man given to underestimating his weight in the world: "People who admittedly have not a tithe of my intelligence have no difficulty in 'understanding' things that baffle me completely." It is that kind of insufferable naivete or conceit or both that alienates the reader from this miscellanea.

True, Leo Stein may have loved words and their precise definitions, but far too frequently pettiness and a naive outrage led him to be spitefully cruel in his criticism of his sister's and other famous contemporaries' works. In one place, speaking of Gertrude's autobiography, he exclaims, "But God what a liar she is!" A friend of Leo's puts it less harshly: "I do not believe her guilty of a conscious dishonesty. She lived and saw things, specially herself, in the illumination of 'glory,' and, I feel sure, shaped facts the way she wanted them." Leo, trapped in a "psychological bog" during his lifetime, could not be expected to tolerate such artistic liberty any more than he could avoid resentment for that limelight he was physically deprived of. Best suited to take up other people's ideas and findings, because he loved history, the classics, and had a strong bent for mnemonics, his tragic error lay in fancying himself "a Columbus setting sail for a world beyond the world"; when all the time it was Gertrude, not Leo, who had the imaginative gift and stamina to head such an expedition.

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Everywhere I Roam

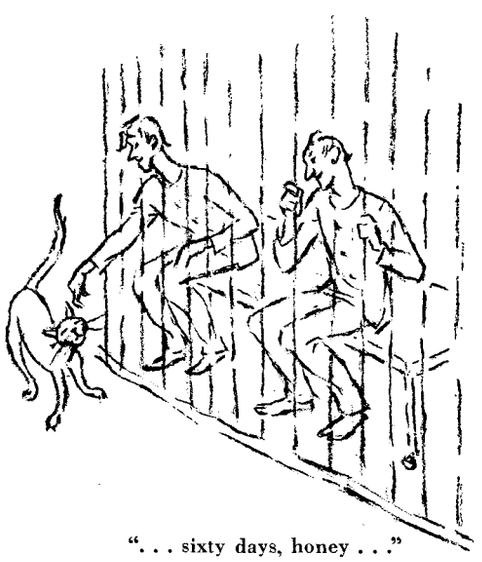
A Travelogue

ALICE CADDY and BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

"A court session—the great event of the year." . . .

". . . an unbeliever brought a gasoline torch . . ."

". . . a single plea for election . . ."



". . . sixty days, honey . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Modern times have yet to catch up with the Cumberland mountain region of Kentucky. Television, canasta, and frozen orange juice have still to gain a toehold. Recently, Ben Lucien Burman, who has celebrated this region in print, returned to discover how it had fared in his absence. He retraced the route of Captain Asa, Kentucky mountain hero of his novel "Everywhere I Roam," noting changes since the book was written. The author was accompanied by his wife and illustrator, Alice Caddy, who has recorded for SRL some present-day impressions of the Cumberlands. The text is by Mr. Burman.*

Mountain Court

THE MOUNTAINS are changing. The "good old days," when no mountaineer ever locked his cabin door, are more and more becoming only a memory. Yet as the traveler walks through the streets of a little mountain town, or wanders up a pine-shaded hollow, he constantly comes upon some remnant of an older frontier era that is in delightful contrast with mechanized America.

Nowhere, perhaps, are these contrasts more evident than in a mountain courtroom. A mountain trial, despite a few modern touches, is in spirit much the same as when I first visited the Cumberlands thirty years ago, and court was opened with an old fiddlers' contest. A court session is still the great event of the year.

One of the most popular figures in the hills today is known as Judge Honey, a philosopher always more concerned with the right and wrong of a case than with the harsh technicalities of the law. Whoever it may be that appears before him for sentence, whether solemn old man or impudent young woman, the Judge always addresses the prisoner as "honey."

"Honey, I hate to do this to you," he declares. "But I've got to sentence you to sixty days, honey." It seems to make the punishment easier to bear.

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The young mountain lawyers are much like their fellows of the cities, products of a modern university. But many of the older group are left, picturesque individuals like the famous attorney of one county who, when his client was brought to court by the game warden for shooting a fish, secured his acquittal by proving self-defense. It was this same lawyer, who, legend said, was a great success until he lost both his witnesses; one died, and the other moved away.

Holy Roller Church

IT MIGHT be expected that contact with the outside world would lessen the influence of the Holiness Church, the "Holy Rollers." Actually, their numbers are increasing throughout the mountains, and in other sections of the South as well. Some are "snake handlers," who play with giant rattlers; others are "flame handlers," who lift red-hot stoves and burning lamps, all to show their faith. One unbeliever brought a gasoline torch to a meeting of the flame handlers, but the congregation vetoed the experiment.

Their practices may seem odd to the uninitiated. Yet these worshippers are simple, kindly folk, who somehow find here the expression of their spiritual needs. In a little church we attended the preacher, after the congregation had been leaping about wildly for a quarter of an hour, began to talk in a quiet voice.

"People wants to know why us Holiness Folks git like this," he told his listeners. "Why we git so happy singing and dancing. I'll tell you how it is. It's thisaway.

"The other day I seen a fellow holding a string. 'What you holding that string for, brother?' I asked him.

" 'I'm a-flying a kite,' he said.

" 'I can't see no kite,' I answered. 'Can you see the kite?'

" 'No, brother, I can't see it,' he told me. 'It's too high up in the air for me to see it. But I can sure feel it tugging.'

"That's the way it is with Holiness Church."

Mountain Politician

THE CUMBERLAND politician has added a few modern notions, but basically he is the same colorful figure as many years ago when I met a candidate whose platform was "a dog for every man in the mountains." Recently one statuesque candidate I know rode far and wide across the hills, in the full-dress regalia of a Western cowboy that would have shamed Billy the Kid. An attorney friend of mine, possessed of a superb singing voice, visited every creek where a voter might be lurking; his means of travel was a log cabin drawn by a team of oxen, complete with loudspeaker and hillbilly band.

One self-effacing candidate had a singular plea for election: "Everybody knows," he told his hearers, "that we don't need no county attorney in this county. You vote for me and I'll make you as near none as you ever had."

Competition in a campaign reaches an intensity unknown in other areas. It may sometimes lead to unexpected perils. In a recent contest one veteran politician, seeking the votes up a hollow much given to snake handling, walked into the Holiness Church and began picking up the great rattlers collected before the pulpit with all the casualness of the preacher. His bitter rival, happening along at the same time, took a single look at the writhing snakes—and gave up the election.

Mountain Jail

THERE is still a delightful informality about a Cumberland mountain jail. The jailer has been a neighbor and often a friend of most of his charges; the usual grimness of a prison is altogether lacking. In one mountain town the county jailer, a most amiable soul, took us on a tour, and carefully introduced us to each of his forty-seven prisoners. We shook hands with them all, including two held for murder.

So informal is the administration of justice, I have more than once heard a sheriff ask a mountaineer from some distant creek to inform a neighbor that he was under arrest and tell him to be sure to come to jail as soon as possible. In one town we visited a man in the local prison felt that he had been unjustly convicted. While still behind bars, he ran for jailer, and being duly elected, took over the jail.

Mountain Mailman

THE MAILMAN is very important in the mountains, even more so than in most rural areas, for often he is the only link with the world outside. We travel with the postman wherever possible. He is often a key that unlocks a whole neighborhood. On one such trip we were caught in a violent rainstorm. The mailman, overloaded with parcel-post packages, took out a flimsy cardboard carton containing fifty-three baby chicks, in imminent danger of drowning, and asked me to shelter them beneath my raincoat. I happily tucked them under my wing. The storm became a mountain cloudburst that continued all day and devastated the countryside. But I brought my fifty-three chicks through in triumph. Now I know in exact detail all the feelings of a good mother hen.

Mountain Fiddler

THE JUKE box, as elsewhere, has blasted its thunderous way into the hill towns. Yet often the traveler can still find the old fiddler who tunes his violin differently for almost every piece he plays—and manages to make all the pieces sound exactly alike.

Years ago, when I first brought my mandolin to the Cumberlands, I met Fiddling Jack, bearded musical master of his valley.

"Play 'Fire on the Mountain,' Jack,"

. . . fifty-three baby chicks by parcel post . . .

. . . all "Fire on the Mountain" . . .

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called a gaunt farmer in the little store where we were assembled, and Jack fiddled valiantly.

"Play 'Billy Boy,'" spoke up the gaunt man, and a second solo followed. I listened, and at first I could not believe my ears. As far as I could distinguish the fiddler was again playing "Fire on the Mountain."

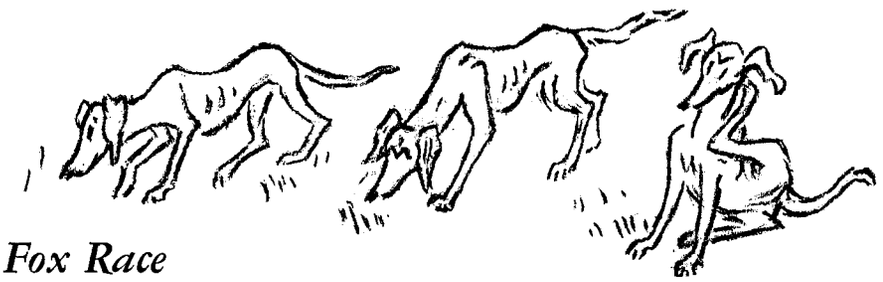
A third and a fourth solo came in quick succession. I could not detect the difference of a single note.

For the fifth number Fiddling Jack looked at my mandolin with expectation. "Let's you and me play a duet, brother," he said.

The only piece we both knew was "Old Kentucky Home." I tuned my mandolin and began to strum the melody. I had been trilling away with enthusiasm for a moment, when I noticed that something was terribly wrong with our intended harmony. I stopped my playing and listened. The fiddle was scraping out "Fire on the Mountain."

I tried the experiment again on our recent excursion. The result was a new musical disaster.

I play duets no more.



Fox Race

ONE ODD custom that has persisted in the mountains is the fox race. This is not a fox hunt. On the contrary, if the fox happens to be captured, the offending dog and dog owner go off in disgrace.

A group of perhaps ten or twenty men, accompanied by hounds of all varieties, go out at night to the top of a hill where a fox is known to be prowling. Soon the dogs are loosed and take up the noisy chase. Their masters sit and listen intently to their barking, each man knowing the cry of his dog as a devoted father knows the voice of his child. Just as the owner of a prize-winning horse follows with his eyes its course around a race track, the tense dog owners follow with their ears the coursing of their hounds through the darkness.

"That's Amos a-coming first around the hill yonder!" shouts one enthusiastic master.

"You mean he was first," calls another. "Cause Grobey's passing him right now."

"Going to be Fats beats 'em all," grumbles a figure in the shadows. "Ain't no dog alive can beat Fats."

Men have been known to stay away from home four days and nights at a time in this fashion.

"Ain't worth two cents to nobody, all this fox racing," a tart mountaineer told me. "Excepting to the fox. Cause ain't nothing tickles a fox like seeing a human acting a fool."

Ballad of the Bright Hair

By Dilys Bennett Laing

LET down your braids, Rapunzel,
pour that gold
that I may take and weave it into shirts
to keep the people from the wounding cold.

Youth and age
eternal battle wage.

Leave my braids, Mother.
The young men must attempt
with faith and difficulty these bright ropes.
Man climbs to take the kiss of which he dreamt.

Age and youth
look two ways at a truth.

Toss down your heart, Rapunzel,
from your spire.
Bring here the comfort of a daughter's care
and make your brightness a domestic fire.

Dawn and dusk
new risen bread and rusk.

Old woman, let me be
and hold your tongue.
A stone wall hangs between us. None can speak
a language common to the old and young.

Near and far
how cruel the young are!

Wind your hair, maiden,
up the wall of stone
out of my children's reach, lest they swing up
and leave me in the darkness here, alone.

Far and near
the old have grief and fear.

When you are dead, old shadow,
I will climb
down the stone stair, and with my iron hair
weave you a winding sheet—in time, in time.

Spring and fall.
Life takes no time at all.

Who then shall lean, Rapunzel,
from your sill,
dropping a ribbon of beguiling fire
to fingers freezing in the moony chill?

Life and death.
A word is but a breath.

Silence, old woman!
We shall both be there
rekindled in another who smiles down
and brands the cobbles with her hissing hair.

Wake and sleep.
Spend what you cannot keep.

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The World.

"Why," asks Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in reviewing Julien Steinberg's "Verdict of Three Decades," "has it taken the West so long to acknowledge the facts about Soviet Russia? . . . Many of the things we now denounce in the USSR have been reported to us regularly for over a generation." There is some fodder for speculation on that subject in Mr. Steinberg's book, even more in Richard H. S. Crossman's "The God That Failed" (SRL Jan. 7, March 25). In the last few years facts about Soviet Russia have grown harder and harder to come by. There is evidence of this on every page of Alex Inkeles's valiant attempt to study "Public Opinion in Soviet Russia" (see page 26). L. S. Berg's "Natural Regions of the U.S.S.R." is a scholarly, fact-crammed tome that should prove useful to geographers, economists, and, of course, military intelligence. Many startling similarities between Ivan the Terrible and Joseph Stalin are revealed in George Backer's "The Deadly Parallel" (reviewed on page 28).

Obituary on a Revolutionary Dream

VERDICT OF THREE DECADES. Edited by Julien Steinberg. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 634 pp. $5.

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

THE WORLD lives today amidst the death agonies of a great dream. That dream was the vision of liberation stirred by the Russian Revolution of 1917—the hope that the common man was at last capturing control of his own destiny and that he would now reorder society in the interests of humanity, abolishing exploitation and cruelty and servitude. Today, three decades later, part of the world is made up of the fanatics of that dream, while to the rest it has become clearer and clearer that the dream is a terrible delusion. In the name of the Revolution of 1917, exploitation and cruelty and servitude, far from having been abolished, have been fastened more tightly on the people of Russia and are being threatened as never before for the people of the world.

Julien Steinberg's "Verdict of Three Decades" is an obituary on the dream; it is an anatomy of the betrayal. Mr. Steinberg has gone in the main to those who accepted the radiant hope of 1917, and from their testimony he has put together a series of texts illuminating the disintegration of that hope. The book which results is, in a sense, a history of the Soviet Union or, rather, a historical anthology of the crises in Soviet development, as Communist Russia has moved steadily from liberation into tyranny. It is in part the accounts of eye-witnesses and participants, in part the theoretical reflections of people trying to explain to themselves why things went wrong, in part illustrative documents from the Soviet Union itself.

Mr. Steinberg begins by reprinting the searching predictions of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Kautsky, both made in 1918—an important reminder that the democratic Socialists, whether of the revolutionary or the parliamentary wing, were among the first to see the implications of Leninism. Alexander Berkman, the American anarchist, describes the Kronstadt rebellion, where the last hope of political freedom in the new Russia was mercilessly extinguished, and Emma Goldman reports an early meeting of the Comintern. Victor Serge, in brilliant, livid flashes, sketches unforgettably the ambiguous days of the New Economic Policy. And a gallery of political portraits—Souvarine on Lenin, Eastman on Trotsky, and, appropriately, Stalin on Stalin—concludes the first decade.

Julien Steinberg—"an anatomy of the betrayal."

The second decade covers the transition from dictatorship to totalitarianism. These are the years of the final triumph of Stalin, of the famine, of the expansion of the slave-labor camps, of the Moscow trials, and of the pact with Hitler. Each event is matched by a suitable text. Mr. Steinberg, for example, has somewhere unearthed a forgotten book of 1933 called "Out of the Deep," made up of letters from the Soviet timber camps; he uses these moving and pathetic documents with great effect to supplement Tchernavin on slave labor. He provides, in addition, Chamberlin and Lyons on the famine, Gide on his disillusionment, Louis Fischer on the trials, Krivitsky on the pact, and Granville Hicks's thoughtful inquiry into the appeal of Communism for the American intellectual.

The third decade confronts us with the end-product of this evolution. Rudolf Hilferding's remarkable analysis defines the nature of economic society as it has developed in the Soviet Union, while Peter Meyer describes the new stratification of classes, Solomon M. Schwarz the role of the trade union, and H. J. Muller (in his notable essay first printed in *SRL*) the fate of science. Silone and Koestler, in their contrasting styles, comment on the moral cretinism of the fellow traveler. Other essays develop themes touched on earlier in the book; but perhaps as revealing as any single document is the humiliating confession of error by Sergei Eisenstein, the film director, with its unconditional prostration before the artistic insights of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

Mr. Steinberg's notes are useful and sensible. They reach moderate conclusions on such tangled issues as whether Stalin is the heir of Lenin, and they impart a considerable amount of supplementary information about Soviet developments. I wish he had touched more on one question which will inevitably arise in the minds of many readers: why has it taken the West so long to acknowledge the facts about Soviet Russia? The book itself reminds us powerfully that many of the things we now denounce in the USSR have been reported to us regularly for over a generation. One reason for the resistance to the facts undoubtedly goes to the pervading sense of guilt in Western society—a sense of guilt which, by itself, is understandable and, indeed, necessary, but which, when it blinds men to the true nature of the moral choices they are making,

(Continued on page 26)

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Our Conscience & the War

WHEN the clouds of approaching war darken the world horizon and men and their machines for destruction are sent into preliminary battles or to man distant ramparts, the time has come to survey, not only the forces at our command if worst should come, but our sense of justice, the private doubts and scruples of conscience. Today we do not have to deal with pacifism; there have been no young men, as there were twelve years ago, marching around our universities crying for peace because war is evil. As never before we dread and hate war, but no one in his right senses, except those who are deluded by Communist propaganda, wants a peace that would only be temporary at the price of appeasement and surrender. At the end of June when the Korean Republic was invaded the immediate decision to engage in what we hoped would be a minor conflict was approved by the country and by the squabbling legislators on Capitol Hill with a unanimity that astonished our own people and our allies abroad.

We have made frightful mistakes in the past five years. It is futile to catalogue them in anger, and dangerous to use them to partisan advantage in an election year, though it is wise to analyze them calmly so that people can understand the weaknesses of democracy in peacetime and our leaders can sense the force of public indignation. There are many questions for which thoughtful men and women are demanding answers, and some of them go back to decisions made at the end of the last war.

We want to know, for example, why we were so deluded by our correspondents and by the Government about Russian designs on Czechoslovakia, why we did not realize the power of Chinese Communist armies and the increasingly hopeless situation of the Nationalist forces. We knew that revolution in China was inevitable, but why were we told it would be an agrarian revolution led by men who would refuse to take orders from the Kremlin? Why did we not know that it was a major victory in the Russian Communist plan for the conquest of the world? Why were we so hesitant to come to the conclusion that a line must be drawn across Eastern Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic, to cross which would mean war? And, finally, why were our experts on foreign affairs apparently ignorant of the ominous menace of North Korea to world peace? What were our Government and Army intelligence services doing while Russian advisers and military men were training and assembling a powerful army and giving it modern weapons?

We do not seek the answers to these questions so that we may punish the men who were responsible; we want only to be assured that these obvious mistakes and miscalculations will not be made again. These errors lie heavily on our conscience. Through them we have sacrificed the democratic peoples of Czechoslovakia and have led their great leaders to disgrace and death; we have surrendered to exile and liquidation the democratic and stalwart peoples of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. We have not been entirely negligent and callous; we have saved Greece and Iran and perhaps Turkey from the Russian Communist menace. Wherever the line has been unmistakably laid down, as we have drawn it through the heart of Berlin, we have, up to the present day, managed to keep the peace. It is safe to say that an extension of that line to Iran, to Yugoslavia, to the Arab kingdoms of the Near East, to Malaya, Burma, the Indonesian Republic, and Indo-China, however great a commitment and present danger this might infer, would be welcomed by the people of this country and half the world. It would be a heroically courageous action, but the world needs courage today. If the line were breached anywhere, it would mean war; but it might bring to an end the erosion that is casting, one after another, nations and their peoples into the Communist sea.

IT IS absurd to imagine that in the immediate future the democratic nations could come to the aid of half or a quarter of these perilously situated countries if a mass attack were made on them. It is the piecemeal surrender of democratic institutions, however weak or even corrupt their governments may be, that is dangerous. It may not be wise to argue that we can

Litany for Americans

By Charles W. Ferguson

The United States arranged today to buy remaining stocks of Cuban sugar to assure the nation of ample supplies. In announcing the deal, the Agriculture Department said Cuba has slightly more than 600,000 short tons above current commitments. . . . —Associated Press dispatch, July 28, 1950.

O PIONEERS! From out thy shrunken graves we hear thee speak,
And the sound of noble bones in travail stirs us now.
The dust of history chokes our throats, the wagons groan,
The torch is handed, the spirit will not quench.
Pass the sugar, please.
Trachoma, yaws and scurvy; bellies swollen shut with hunger,
Hearts rubbed raw with fear and nerves drawn taut from hoping.
We stretch out our white unstained helping hand,
Onward and upward with Point Four!
Pass the sugar, please.
Fight to the death! No retreat! The line must hold!
Our cause demands our youth's sweet blood and sacrifice.
Angels attend these young men's efforts and their wounds!
And now: the next voice you hear . . .
Pass the sugar, please.
Let some scalpel excise the fatty layers of our soul,
Some sharp event prick our cushioned conscience.
Let nations reel in drunken Armageddon,
But save us from consumer panic here.
Pass the sugar, please.

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prevent war by acting on the analogy of Hitler's early conquests. We now know that if the German armies had been opposed when they entered the Rhineland they would have retreated. Would a policy of firmness instead of appeasement have prevented the First World War? History is a sphinx that never gives firm answers; all we can say is that it might have done so. We do not want to have history accuse us of lack of responsibility one day when courage might have saved mankind from war.

THERE are other matters on our conscience, but they need not haunt us out of the past. A man should not enter battle beating his breast and crying out his sins. Our democracy and our Government are not perfect; nevertheless we hope to improve them. We discriminate against racial and economic groups; we are alternately wildly optimistic and doubtful of ourselves; we behave, in fact, like free human beings. Nevertheless, in the last nine years we have courageously assumed a burden which would have been unimaginable to us early in this century. Whether we like it or not, we are the leader of that part of the world that hopes to affirm and maintain democratic institutions and freedoms. Today we must even have the courage to face warfare in the atomic age for which we ourselves are responsible. The atom bomb and not the ifs of history is at the center of our troubled conscience and our discontent. Since that fatal day at Hiroshima five years ago we have struggled to dismiss it, destroy it by international law, or come to terms with it. We are familiar now with the monstrous and hideous shape. Wise people everywhere believe that our store of Uranium 235 and Plutonium have alone kept war at a distance and may continue to do so. If the atomic bomb weighs on our minds so heavily that we cannot dismiss it, we must nevertheless assume it as the greatest of our burdens and reflect that in inventing a weapon that might destroy civilization we have created the only conceivable instrument that might save it from the wars that finally would bring an end to any rational and peaceful life on this planet.

There is another and a brighter side to our prospects. If war should be inevitable in spite of ourselves, and the United Nations, it is not inevitable that we should lose it, as so many seem to assume. We do not have to trade space for time, like our Army in Korea. United we must stand now on the frontiers of democracy until our armed might and atomic weapons have vanquished the peril of war. We possess an almost incredible and steadily increasing power for regeneration. We have scientific and technical knowledge in abundance. In what *Life* magazine calls our productive revolution we have in the last five years produced miracles of material accomplishment. We have the industrial powers in skilled labor, factories, oil, and coal, and scientific laboratories to supply ourselves with a wealth of everything that man seems to want, and an overflow to ameliorate the lives of half the world. If there must be war, we can win it.

—H. S.

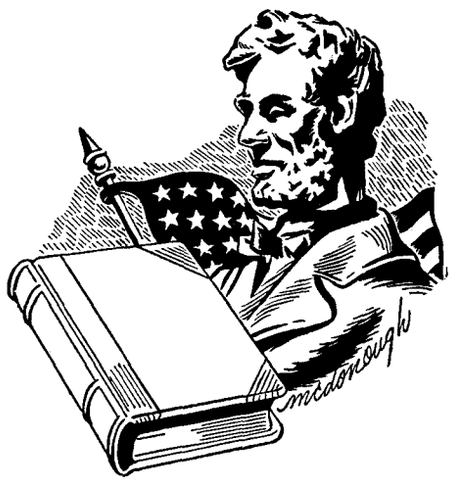
Dixon Wecter Scholarship

A DIXON WECTER Scholarship in American Civilization has been established at Baylor University, Waco, Texas, where the late historian, writer, and literary critic pursued his undergraduate studies. The scholarship will be on the graduate level. A goal of $10,000 has been set for the scholarship fund. Friends of Dr. Wecter wishing to contribute should communicate with Charles D. Johnson, chairman of the scholarship committee, at Baylor University.

Good News

▸ American citizens of minority groups have received a special opportunity for educational advancement under the first program of the recently established John Hay Whitney Foundation. Already forty-two persons have won Opportunity Fellowships set up for citizens "who, because of arbitrary barriers such as race, cultural background, or region of residence, have not had the opportunity to develop to the fullest their abilities and to make their fullest contribution to society." Many of this year's winners, representing such groups as American Indians, Americans of Spanish-speaking ancestry, Negroes, Chinese- and Japanese-Americans, after completing their projects, will return to their communities to help raise the economic, educational, and social standards of their people.

▸ The results of a survey aimed at discovering how much national prejudice exists among students living at International House in New York City show that the students succeed in breaking down barriers of race, religion, and nationality. Students said that major benefits of living at International House were "contacts with other cultures" and "realization of world brotherhood." The survey



showed that strong nationalistic preferences do not handicap intercultural activities.

▸ A new use has been found for "bagasse," the waste material of the sugar cane after the sugar has been extracted. The entire January 26 edition of the *Daily Transcript Telegram*, of Holyoke, Mass., was printed on paper made from "bagasse," the first attempt yet made to use this material for newsprint.

▸ The Peking radio announced that Red China has put into effect its new marriage law that outlaws polygamy and the sale of women. Both practices have been condoned in China for thousands of years. Women are given legal equality with men. Forbidden are child marriages and child betrothals. A woman's consent is now necessary for marriage.

▸ A leprosarium on a remote island off the coast of New Guinea is now treating its patients with a new drug, diasone, as the result of a campaign among Dutch members of the U. N. Secretariat to help their fellow countryman who heads the hospital. The drug is already showing some success in treating leprosy.

▸ A research project to deodorize shark-liver oil has been successful at the department of chemical technology, Bombay University. The Vitamin A potency of shark-liver oil is higher than that of cod-liver oil.

▸ The French Government has invited Japanese students to study in France this year, for the first time since the war. Six Japanese will be selected during June for one year's schooling in France at the expense of the French Government.

▸ Current fine films: "The Lawless," "The Men," "Kind Hearts and Coronets," and "The Asphalt Jungle."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Employment on Grub Street

SIR: The spirit of your editorial "In Defense of a Writing Career" [*SRL* June 17] was altogether commendable, and to those of us who have ventured to reside on the Grub Streets of our own day it was quite encouraging. Those who feel that such advice may do more harm than good underestimate the heights to which human optimism may soar. There will always be such aggregations of hardy folk who, having unlimited accumulations of self-confidence, will go on writing as long as they are capable of holding a pen or thinking a coherent (or incoherent) thought. . . . I suppose it is only natural that in an age of mass production and standardization the writing of such an age should bear the mass-produced, unindividualistic appearance of mass style. One is led to believe, however, that if many young writers—both the unpublished and those beginning to publish—were to labor over developing their own individual style rather than aping that of the last short-story writer they happened to read, their chances of success would be infinitely greater. It is not for nothing that we hear so much of the deplorable paucity of good writing today.

SAM BLUEFARB.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Professional ethics—a term I use for politeness' sake—has put a taboo upon writers submitting a given piece of work to a number of publishers simultaneously. Ethics, in this instance, appears to be a one-sided thing, working only to the advantage of the publisher.

Why is it so heinous an act to submit a novel to several publishers at the same time? In every other form of selling the commodity, whatever it may be, is "up for sale," no secret about it; first come first served. Surely a writer, who works so long and arduously to perfect his output, should have the same rights as a vendor of more tangible merchandise. But no, he must send his manuscript to publisher Jones only, and no other publisher may take a look at it even though Jones should hold it for six months. Jones turns it down and on it goes to Smith, to Black, to Peters, to Williams for similar delays.

Suppose, on the other hand, the author were to submit his book to six different publishers at once. Suppose all return it (we'll take that for granted!). The author has saved at least a year by discovering that maybe the book isn't so hot; maybe it should be rewritten. He rewrites. Out it goes a second time to six more publishers. Let's assume, optimistically, that two of these publishers like it and want to buy it. Well, is there any good reason why the writer shouldn't have the privilege of accepting whichever offer seems to him the better deal?

As matters now stand, the writer—without whom the publisher wouldn't be in business—is obliged to waste years of valuable time and energy in subservience to a code of ethics which not only does not benefit him in any way but definitely contributes to his loss. No doubt the publishers think they have good reasons for this long-accepted procedure. I'd like to hear them. But something tells me that whatever they are, they're going to sound pretty selfish.

H. MACK.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though it is not the general custom, some writers make a practice of submitting their work simultaneously to several publishers. The writer, of course, should inform the publisher that his book is being offered elsewhere at the same time.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Send this champagne and caviar to Mr. Henry David Thoreau at Walden, Massachusetts. Just be sure to ship it in a plain wrapper."

SIR: Among beginners there is too much bitterness toward publishers because it takes so long to accept or, as is so often the case, to reject a manuscript. Yet these same abused authors would be highly insulted if their precious brain children were given quick and summary treatment. If one decides to write a novel, or feels compelled to write one, he will be happier if, with that decision, he also develops patience. Along with patience the beginning writer had better find a supplementary source of income until he makes his lucky strike. Did I hear wailing and caterwauling in the outer darkness? How can you work at something else and write, too? It is a good question, but most of the world's really great authors have excelled in more than their writing, and their working lives have enriched their writing lives.

I do not know how it is with all these complaining, frustrated artists who consider every publisher their enemy and every editor their nemesis. But, for myself, I do know that it has not been a hardship to earn my living (and financial independence) in one profession and to further my writing career (or hobby?) on the side. It is not and has not been a tragedy to come to the years of maturity rubbing shoulders with people and learning to understand them as they really are on Main Street. Ivory towers may be nice. They do not appeal to me, not even a back porch in the Adirondacks. This very necessity to live with the multitude should eventually enrich what one has to say rather than hurt it. And, if one has nothing to say, it is well not to waste words saying it.

DORIS MARKER.

New Lebanon, O.

SIR: There are some matters that must be separated in the discussion of Mr. Cousins's idealistic article about a writing career. The first is that an editor or a journalist or a man working for a book publisher is not primarily a writer. Secondly, writing as a vocation always comes up against one primary question—and that is, can a fellow make a living at it? This, the first thing to be considered, is a question that is very generally evaded. After all, though, how can one make any line, say writing, a career if you can't make your bread and butter at it? You may as well face it, so-called artistic integrity may be managed by a Faulkner or a Wolfe without an income, and now I do remember Wolfe was supported for years by a mother who ran a boarding place and believed in him. But the ordinary writer, and even the fine one, like Fitzgerald, has to please "the market."

I believe you'd better leave out the career part, and let the young writer write on the side until, or if, he can see a few years ahead with no financial strain. There is no strain worse than that of a free-lancer tormenting himself and shaping his work—in an endeavor to please—for a living. Good

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times and poor, I've had more than several decades of it, and the worst of it shouldn't happen to a dog. The best, alas, doesn't last long enough. Trouble is, no one actually, in a practical way, ever faces the issues—to use the cliché—squarely on the subject of a young writer and a career. But suggesting he jump in, lacking a hide of leather and amazing endurance, whatever his talent, is a kind of crime.

JOHN WILSTACH.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When we spoke of a writing career we were careful to point out that it embraced the general domain of publishing. Our use of the term was meant to include all the things young people have in mind when they walk into an editorial office looking for a job.*

Permissions to the Test

SIR:
Hooray, hooray for Melville Cane!
I'll sing his praises again and again.
May what he writes now set the pace,
All we need is a good test case.

MURIEL FULLER.

New York, N. Y.

Objections from Freethinkers

SIR: On June 10 Harrison Smith ["More Love, Less Loving"] perpetrated a libel against most of the great humanitarians and philosophers of history by ignorantly linking evil and atheism. On June 24 ["The Novel Goes to Church"] he calls for a return to the gods. I subscribed to *SRL* on the theory that it was an enlightened journal surveying the field of literature. Apparently it is now the right hand of the Catholic World.

LESLIE EVAN SCHLYTTER.

Tigerton, Wis.

SIR: I believe Harrison Smith has not correctly felt the pulse of America, or at least he has not evaluated and communicated his findings accurately in his editorial "The Novel Goes to Church."

Alongside the figures of church membership increase, on which Mr. Smith apparently bases his claim that a "true religious revival is in progress," one might place even more startling figures of growing freethought, nonreligious (in the old, theistic pattern) organizations. For example, the United Secularists of America, convening in New York City during July, is barely two years old, yet it embraces some twenty societies. The new Humanist Society of Los Angeles already has over 4,000 members. This, please note, in the midst of a proclaimed Holy Year, and despite mountains of wishful thinking and almost complete suppression by press, radio, and other vehicles by which our public expresses its "freedom" of religion.

No, Mr. Smith, you cannot equate your well-desired "world in which there is some sense to living," with any kind of supernaturalism, with any kind of god. Mankind's progress to date has been made *despite* the manufacture of gods, demons, and the like—not *because* of it! Our great need today is not "more novelists who can believe in man and God," but more novelists who recognize and realize that the Christian myth has been exploded, that man is the creator of all the gods of history, including the present hangovers from man's childhood.

The miracle Mr. Smith seems to hope for is in the making, but it is being constructed on earth, not concocted in heaven, by human beings who believe with the Humanists in "a better life here for humanity through the application of scientific knowledge."

JAMES H. COLOPY.

Seattle, Wash.

What Protoplasm Is

SIR: I happen to be a teacher of mathematics (some people would call it the most exact of sciences although many would dispute the assertion that it is a science at all) but I must take strong exception to Anthony Standen's appraisal of that "inexact" science biology, in his "Science Is a Sacred Cow" [*SRL* Apr. 8]. There are experiments in physiology that are as beautiful and fully as trustworthy as any in physics. In his concentration on details, Mr. Standen has overlooked the grand, sweeping scope of many branches of biology. It is not the little mechanical steps that count but the great underlying ideas. These ideas the great scientific investigators have grasped intuitively before even dreaming of a logical demonstration, and they are more precious than any chain of rigorous reasoning. They pointed out the bedrock truths on which a science like mechanics or electrodynamics could be securely erected.

If no biologist has ever given a clearcut, noncircular definition of protoplasm, neither has any physicist ever given a satisfactory definition of mass or electricity. Some things enter so actively into the makeup of the universe that it is impossible to give a straight-line definition of them and this is often the more so about very elemental things. The odds are that the nature of protoplasm and the essence of life are so interwoven that we shall be unable to give a definition of the first until we have unraveled the secret of the other. In the meantime, however, some sort of working definition is necessary, something that enables the practitioner of science to recognize, however crudely, what protoplasm is; this is all that the biologist aims to do.

L. M. COURT.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Does Anyone Know Kazuko?

SIR: I was very much moved to read the article "Meet 'Pinkie' Pohlman" [*SRL* May 27] telling of the American soldier whose understanding meant so much to Tami Taguchi. What I have to ask, I realize, is much more difficult than finding "Pinkie" Pohlman, but I hope you may be able to help.

For many years before the war I corresponded with friends in America. At the time I was a schoolgirl in Tokyo. The correspondence was part of a movement for promoting understanding among peoples, and through it I received many letters from American girls my own age. Some of these girls became very close to me.

Kazuko Yoshida — a chance for the shock of recognition.

When the war came, we moved several times and many personal belongings were lost, among them my precious list with the names of my American friends.

Like Mr. Pohlman, my friends lived in Wisconsin. That is the only information I can provide, except that my friends are about thirty-five years of age. Since we exchanged photographs at the time, however, perhaps they might be able to recognize me from a copy of a picture of myself I sent to them long ago.

KAZUKO YOSHIDA.

Tokyo, Japan

Air-Conditioned Writer

SIR: It is raining today with a chilly east wind; I often do my best writing during the wet easterlies. But my farmer neighbor cannot work in his fields today and may leisurely listen to the radio or study the mail-order catalogues. Though the land works for him even while he sleeps, there are weeks and entire seasons when he cannot touch it. Everyone understands this; no one considers the farmer shiftless if the weather or crop-cycle keeps him from tilling his fields. . . . But let a writer find a sunny day and a sailing breeze unsuitable for his calling and if he dares to appear publicly he is instantly labeled as a worthless fellow. In the weeks when his creativeness works for him, night and day, and he watches it grow, waits for the harvest time, his friends ask him embarrassing questions and look upon him as little better than an unemployed rascal. Should he ever achieve monetary acceptance he will rent an air-conditioned office and secretary, appear there regularly in rumpled tweeds. On days when he cannot write he will gaze out of the window, read the *Review*, and regulate the air conditioning. Now, he is respectable, but how will he fill the empty jugs?

GILBERT BYRON.

St. Michaels, Md.

And So Forth

SIR:
A curse, a pox, etc., blight 'em
Who use *etc.* with a single item.

JUNE WROBLESKI.

Rocky River, O.

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becomes an instrument of self-destruction. For any who are still too much paralyzed by guilt to stand up for civilized values, "Verdict of Three Decades" should be an effective antidote. Mr. Steinberg has rendered us all a valuable service.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is author of "The Vital Center."

The Workers' World

PUBLIC OPINION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Alex Inkeles. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 379 pp. $5.

By Louis Fischer

IT IS NOT Professor Alex Inkeles's fault that he wrote this book without ever having seen the USSR. Serious scholar that he is, he would, of course, have liked to spend considerable time in Russia before doing a treatise on any phase of Soviet life. But the Kremlin doesn't wish to submit the proletarian paradise to study and observation. Even resident foreign correspondents in Moscow—the few remaining ones—are prevented by the secret police from touring the country except on rare occasions and then only under strict surveillance along a charted route. (In my time we were free to go anywhere without notice if we stayed out of Soviet Central Asia and some known defense areas.)

Foreign correspondents in Moscow, moreover, are no longer allowed to buy Soviet provincial newspapers, which may carelessly leak a few truths. And the foreign embassies in Moscow are now barred from receiving a number of official Soviet gazettes.

Russia is becoming increasingly impenetrable. Students of Soviet domestic conditions (foreign policy can be followed by its manifestations abroad) are almost reduced to the position of those who were studying Nazi Germany during the war on the basis of stray data and of Government propaganda.

The foreign country most important to the United States is least accessible to it. In the resulting informational vacuum some specialists with a rich Russian background and many years of research in and outside the USSR do manage to trace Soviet developments with remarkable accuracy. But he is a brave man whose first expedition into the vacuum aims to reach the elusive realm of the Soviet official mind.

Dr. Inkeles has sought, with the aid of an academic telescope which stands in the Harvard Yard, to penetrate the darkness that pervades the Soviet planet. Considering the difficulties, he has done a brilliant job. It is surprising how much a meticulous observer can learn from official publications. But it is a mistake to assume that what is on Soviet paper represents actuality. (The Webbs made that error in their big "Soviet Communism" book.) The Soviet magazines issued for the training and guidance of the Kremlin's oral and written propaganda apparatus are themselves propaganda and the percentage of truth in them can scarcely be assayed. Yet these magazines constitute almost all of Inkeles's material.

The reader quickly senses the author's distance from life. A chapter on the writers and editors of the Soviet press contains not one journalist's name. Yet he might not only have recorded names and sad fates of many Soviet newspapermen; he might have interviewed some of those who have deserted and are now resident in the United States, Germany, and other non-Soviet countries. Likewise Inkeles might, even in Cambridge, have listened to a few Soviet broadcasts and relayed their content, but in this respect he was remiss. He leans toward theory and neat patterns cut out of paper.

In one place Inkeles mentions "private" organizations in the Soviet Union. He should know that there are none. If he had had touch with Soviet conditions he would have resisted someone's wishful-thinking suggestion that when the "one-man commander," as a Soviet factory director is called, talks to his labor force and urges them to produce more there is any parallel with labor-management cooperation here in the United States.

Soviet events from 1917 to 1936 are far better documented than events since then, but Dr. Inkeles is not adequately expert in Bolshevik history. His concentrated statement on pages 112 to 115, for instance, about the crucial 1935-38 years is a very pale reflection of the turmoil of that purge period (the purge is not even mentioned), and in general one gets the impression that this book is about a country whose administration is almost normal. Actually, Soviet administration is thoroughly planless and arbitrary. So why expect the manufacturing of domestic public opinion to pro-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHERLOCKIAN AMERICANS

Whether SH was an American or not remains undecided, but here are ten Americans who appear in the Sacred Writings. Allowing ten points for each story you can identify, and a bonus of two for each character you can name, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 40.

1. Having failed to overtake his enemies in the United States and Europe, he turned up in London as a cab driver and avenged the death of his sweetheart.
2. He had once been Senator from a Western state but was better known as the greatest gold-mining magnate in the world.
3. Messages written in a unique secret code grievously disrupted the life of this American girl about a year after her marriage to a trusting Englishman.
4. This notorious criminal, who shot Dr. Watson in the thigh, was a native of Chicago.
5. This professional detective, remembered as the hero of the Long Island cave mystery, identified the corpse of the murderer he had tracked from New York to London.
6. Born in New Jersey in 1858, this beautiful contralto became prima donna of the Imperial Opera of Warsaw. (To SH, she was always *the* woman.)
7. He was captain of the "Lone Star" and leader of an American secret society that murdered three members of an English family.
8. After marrying a British nobleman, this only child of a San Francisco millionaire vanished during the wedding breakfast.
9. A former Pinkerton agent, who had joined an infamous lodge in order to expose its evil practices, escaped to England, where his assumed name failed to conceal his identity from a treacherous foe.
10. The existence of this Atlanta child was kept a secret from her stepfather for three years.

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ceed according to the texts handed down from Kremlin battlements?

Professor Inkeles's scholarly approach does not conceal his anti-Soviet views and anti-Communist philosophy. These conduct him to correct conclusions regarding his subject. "One of the most striking facts about Soviet mass communication," he writes, "is its repetitiveness." Year after year the *Pravda* and all its echoes in print and over the air and in the meeting place say the same simple things to convince the citizenry. "This is not the communication," Inkeles comments, "of a government and of leaders who are sure of the response of their audience and who feel that they are speaking to a convinced and loyal population. It strongly suggests that the leaders have little faith in the extent to which the people have adopted the maxims put to them. . . ."

The lack of support which the Soviet people give their Government was demonstrated in the early months of the Hitler invasion of Russia, when the Red Army surrendered by the hundreds of thousands. It was only when the Nazis committed wholesale atrocities on the population of large occupied Soviet areas and when the Fuehrer's intuition produced a beautiful strategic mess that the Soviet soldiers began to fight and Stalin began to win victories.

This lesson is not lost on the Kremlin. Moscow will think many times before leading the Soviet Union into a war with the USA, and each time it thinks it will be more frightened by the prospect.

Louis Fischer served as a correspondent in Moscow for American magazines and newspapers for fourteen years and, among other books, is author of "Gandhi and Stalin."

—*Scott Long in* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Who Says Hitler Is Dead?"

The Meadowlands & Elsewhere

NATURAL REGIONS OF THE U.S.S.R. By L. S. Berg. Translated by Olga A. Tittelbaum and edited by John A. Morrison and C. C. Nikiforfoff. New York: The Macmillan Co. 436 pp. $10.

By Richard L. Tuthill

THIS translation of Lev Semenovich Berg's "Priroda U.S.S.R.," another in the growing list of Russian translations which have been sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies, is a most significant addition to our information about Soviet Russia. As the editors' preface points out, "there will be few who will deny that without a knowledge of the natural features and conditions of a country and the manner in which its people have adjusted themselves to their natural environment, there can be no real understanding of that country."

Professor Berg, who is president of the All-Union Geographical Society, has written for the college students of his country a very competent textbook. The text presupposes a considerable knowledge of physical geography, a rather detailed knowledge of Russian place locations, and, in addition, because of Berg's interests as the leading ichthyologist of the U.S.S.R., a substantial acquaintance with the technical nomenclature of flora and fauna. The author systematically analyzes the natural regions of the U.S.S.R., which are in the main based upon the natural environmental factors of vegetation, climate, and terrain. In terms of flora and climate, the Russian lowland areas stratify reasonably well from north to south along general east-west axes. So, from the tundra along the Arctic coast, through the forest zone, the steppe proper, the semidesert, into the true deserts of central Asia the normal intraregional patterns are developed for each stratum.

Although black-and-white sketch maps are fairly numerous, they are in many cases badly placed in the volume and the number of place locations shown is inadequate. As a result, the book can be studied only with the aid of and constant reference to a good atlas, certainly a serious weakness in a geography book. Because references to both the metric system and the centigrade thermometer appear throughout the text, a page of conversion tables would have been a valuable addition to the voluminous appendices.

Students of current Soviet affairs will suffer many disappointments from the volume because man, even

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U.N. SECURITY SEAT FOR COMMUNIST CHINA
STALIN
KOREAN CONQUEST
UNITED NATIONS

—*Justus in* Minneapolis Star.

"Quick—a Child Psychologist!"

—*Justus in* Minneapolis Star.

"Louder and Funnier, Joe."

Love's Laughter

By Mary Ella Hopkins

O! the sudden rush of
pleasure
I feel when from your eyes
Love shines through, like a treasure,
Joining laughter's light
disguise.

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as an item of the natural environment, is rarely mentioned. So carefully has Professor Berg stayed with natural phenomena that he survived the transition from high Imperialist acclaim to high Communist recognition without ever entering the field of Soviet politics, certainly no mean scientific feat. Economic information is most fragmentary and consists for the most part of brief sentences on agricultural topics. The lack of significant reference to mineral resources is startling, yet these omissions will not deter nor discourage the social scientist, since an adequate understanding of Russia's natural regions can be had from this book, facilitating their analyses of more human factors. Moreover, it should be pointed out that Russian education does allow controversy in the realm of natural phenomena. At several points in the text Professor Berg points out conflicting theories on various topics.

Used in conjunction with the recent text, "Economic Geography of the U.S.S.R." edited by S. S. Balzak and others, this volume should provide the textual basis for courses in the geography of Soviet Russia.

Richard L. Tuthill, associate professor of geography at the University of Kentucky, is the author of "Soviet Russia in Political Geography" and "Soviet Russia in Global Geography."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 373

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 373 will be found in the next issue.

MPCHASCFRTM TF P

FEQPKKPLQPHTX PAN

XZQQGHPHTDS

MPCHTXTMPHTZA TA

MCZWTHF. ----- XTDTK

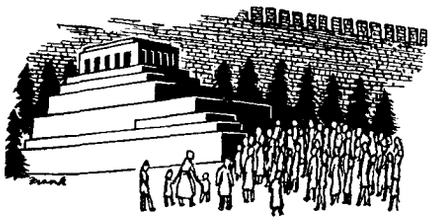
XZNS ZW KZGTFTPAP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 372

Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff as when 'tis in a wrong belief.

—Samuel Butler.

Like Ivan, Like Joe



THE DEADLY PARALLEL. By George Backer. New York: Random House. 231 pp. $3.50.

By Henry C. Wolfe

WHEN this reviewer first went to Russia twenty-eight years ago Ivan the Terrible was in high disrepute with the Soviet leaders. There were pictures on office walls showing the sixteenth-century Czar killing his own son. Ivan, so I was told, was an early capitalist beast. He personified the cruel, decadent system that Communism had destroyed. How things have changed! Today the power of the Soviet regime is behind the drive to make Ivan the Terrible appear a wise, constructive, benevolent, self-sacrificing ruler who had to contend with many of the same evil forces that menace the peace of the world in our time. The chief Soviet propagandist for the re-creation of history is a Latvian professor, R. Wipper.

In "The Deadly Parallel" George Backer, former editor of *The New York Post*, has written an illuminating and frightening book, essential background for an understanding of what is happening in the Soviet Union. The comparison that he draws between Ivan and Stalin deserves the careful study of the policy makers in Washington and throughout the Western world.

Mr. Backer's volume is far more than a summary of the similarities between Stalin and Ivan. It is an analysis of Russia's historical development, a shrewd examination of the Soviet retreat from Marxism, and a look at what the author believes may be the future of the Kremlin and its empire. The backbone of the book is, of course, Ivan the Terrible and his reign. Mr. Backer believes that the incredibly bloody, cruel, tyrannical rule of the Russian despot who lived four centuries ago shapes the philosophical dynamics of Stalin's policies. In other words, the Soviet dictator, who, reportedly, used to keep on his desk a picture of Peter the Great, has taken a more sinister "ancestor" for hero.

Ivan, according to the late nineteenth-century historian Menzl, was "the most bloodthirsty monster that ever raged on earth." He tortured and killed senselessly and variously, often in original ways. However, when Stephen Batory, King of Poland, challenged him to personal combat the murderous Czar showed no zest for the rendezvous. Ivan ruled by the same methods used in the USSR today. He made war on his neighbors. He had in his *Oprichnina* what Stalin has in his MVD. He carried out gigantic purges. At times he liquidated the men closest to him, just as Stalin did the Old Bolsheviks. "And no charges," the author points out, "had to be proved; they merely had to be produced."

Xenophobia was one of Ivan's characteristics which endears him to Professor Wipper. The Czar had as little as possible to do with the Western world. In Ivan's day the individual Russian had no ownership rights. He merely enjoyed possession at the whim of the Czar. Today, the Soviet citizen is taught that he owns everything. "For theoretical ownership of the State, he has given up the possession of himself." The author, in short, makes out a strong and terrifying case for his thesis that Stalin has taken Ivan the Terrible for his model.

There is one of Ivan's ambitions which seems not to have inspired the Soviet dictator. The much-wedded Czar, although married at the time, wanted to espouse Elizabeth, Virgin Queen of England. Romantic aspirations toward a Western queen do not as yet form part of the Stalin legend.

H. M. Opposition

EUROPE, UNITE! By Winston S. Churchill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 506 pp. $5.

By Garrett Mattingly

COLLECTED in this volume and edited by Randolph Churchill are the speeches delivered during 1947 and 1948 by the world's most distinguished elder statesman, the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition. Taking them with "The Sinews of Peace" (1947), we now have a remarkably complete record of the more important public utterances of Winston Churchill since the 1945 election. The first thing one notices about these speeches is how good they are to read. Without the familiar voice, the familiar presence, without the aura of remembered emotion which will always invest the great wartime speeches with a peculiar plangency, these words live on the

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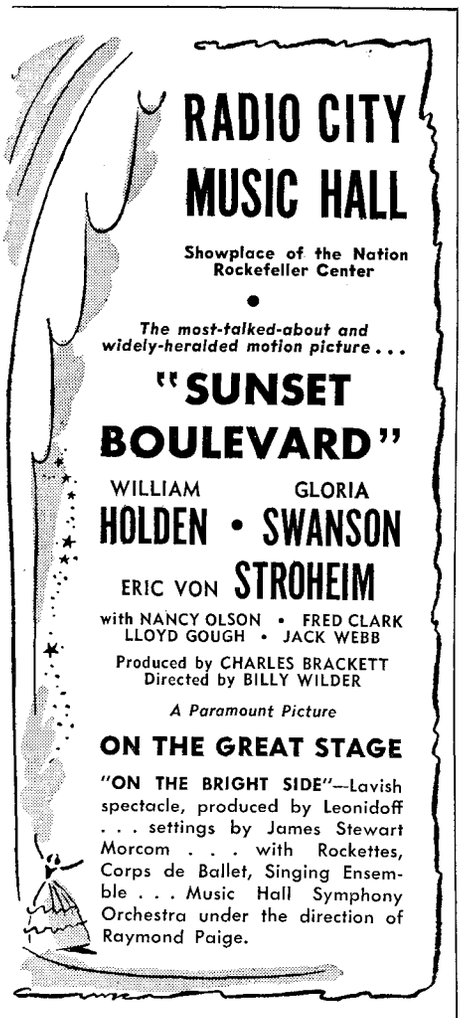
printed page solely by virtue of the almost lost art of forensic eloquence. They are, mostly, the kind of speeches that any political leader in opposition is obliged to make. Many were delivered in the House of Commons; others were composed for party rallies. They deal often with matters remote from any American's interests and not seldom with issues now already decided. But open them anywhere and you will not read a page without finding some sentence that sparkles with (usually malicious) wit, some sentence that calls (though faintly) like a trumpet. And you will nowhere find a slovenly sentence or a dead one or one unworthy of the great tradition of English prose. So you will read on, as your ancestors read Webster and Calhoun, Burke and Chatham, charmed in spite of yourself through a discussion of bacon rationing and coal production, quite forgetting that this is the kind of literature which you think of as belonging in campaign brochures and in *The Congressional Record.* Is there another public man now living, has there been another in the twentieth century, whose dead speeches could inspire quite this kind of purely literary pleasure?

Perhaps this is because, in his command of and respect for the meanings and rhythms of English speech, as in other ways, Winston Churchill is a throwback to the great days of England's past. One wonders whether there is another member today in the House of Commons, for instance, who could toss off a conventionally ragged Latin pun, and then translate it "for the benefit of the Etonians present" with so completely the air of assuming that on these aristocratic benches there could only be Etonians and Harrovians. Certainly there can be no other who, in the midst of a debate on foreign affairs in 1948, would refer quite casually and unconsciously to "the states and principalities of Germany" as if neither Hitler nor Bismarck nor even Napoleon had ever existed. In the war it was fortunate for England to be led by a man for whom the map of the present was always iridescent with the glories of the past. Turning the pages of these speeches one wonders whether it has been equally fortunate for the Conservative Party since. There is much condemnation here of "scuttling the Empire" and "hauling down the flag," but not much acknowledgment of an honest effort to realize an ideal of racial equality and national self-determination; there are loud thunders against "Socialist regimentation," but little heed for the feelings of millions of Englishmen for whom three full meals a day (even though not good meals by aristocratic standards) and an end to eyestrain and toothache may be worth a lot of nuisance with queues and ration coupons. About foreign affairs—European foreign affairs—Mr. Churchill is more constructive, but considering its title there is surprisingly little about European union in this volume, and that little is disappointingly general and vague. Before the next election the Conservatives, if they want to get votes on this issue, will have to do more than just call a volume of campaign speeches "Europe, Unite!" They will have to suggest some way of running the Western European coal-iron complex under a "free-enterprise" economy without risking its domination by another big-business cartel such as the Socialists, and not only the Socialists, properly fear. That may be a problem for a twentieth-, not an eighteenth-century mind.

Garrett Mattingly is professor of history at Columbia University.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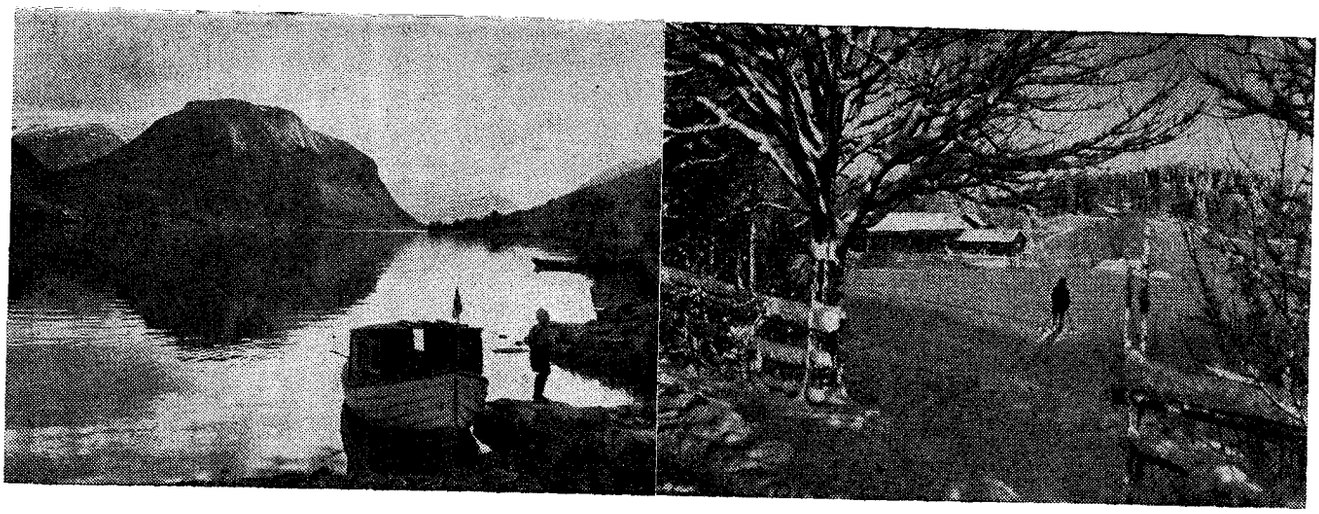

—*Scandinavian Airlines Photos.*

Norwegian fjord country and Karjalohja, Finland—"the blueprints of our Square Deal, Fair Deal, and New Deal."

States of Welfare in the North

THE UNITED STATES AND SCANDINAVIA. By Franklin D. Scott. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 359 *pp.* $4.

SCANDINAVIA BETWEEN EAST AND WEST. Edited by Henning Friis. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 388 *pp.* $4.50.

By Henry Goddard Leach

A CENTURY ago Hans Christian Andersen wrote a fantasy of the time when Copenhagen instead of London or Paris would be the gateway of entry to Europe for American tourists, who would come with wings instead of sails. This prophecy, which then seemed but another fairy tale, is now all but fulfilled. Never has the need of Scandinavia for America and America for Scandinavia been more evident than today, when the shop windows of Copenhagen are festooned with Marshall-Plan exhibits and taxi drivers reply in the English of Detroit.

Professor Scott justifies the theory that Scandinavians are more like Americans than we are like ourselves, for the fact is that they practise realistically the kind of democracy that we preach.

His book reveals that in the century before the First World War the chief contributions of Scandinavia to America were immigration and literature. Our population was reinvigorated by the best blood, sinews, and enterprise of Northern Europe. Our ideas were stimulated by translation of the books of saga and edda, of Ibsen and Strindberg, of Andersen and Lagerlöf. Since the First World War the great Scandinavian gifts to us have been their engineering skills and the social organization of public health, education, and insurance—the blueprints of our Square Deal, Fair Deal, and New Deal. Now, with our Marshall-Plan help and the Atlantic Pact we are paying back a debt long due.

The whole book is an authentic summary of what is important for us to know about our now-close neighbors in Northern Europe. Its bibliography and appendices are a mine of information. The occupation by foreign powers in World War II and the benevolent neutrality of Sweden that created a vacuum in mass slaughter are fully chronicled. The present abstention of Sweden from the Atlantic Pact is explained if not altogether justified.

The title of the book may be misleading, as only twenty-five pages are devoted specifically to the relations of the United States and Scandinavia. However, the reciprocities of art and science are emphasized in the chapter "Crosscurrents." Credit is given to the organized interchange of students. We do miss an account of the political and trade intercourse between America and the North. A few paragraphs might well have been devoted to the decisive part played by the United States in persuading Denmark to abolish the centuries-old toll exacted from ships passing from the North Sea into the Baltic, the famous Sound Dues. This was an important triumph for the American doctrine of freedom of the seas.

Professor Scott has done us invaluable service in reviewing within one book all the Scandinavian countries and made us expectant of his "History of Sweden," now in preparation. An adequate history in English of but one of the Scandinavian nations—Norway—is at present available.

Professor Scott's style is compact, unlike many of the panegyrics of praise of the Northern nations recently launched by American presses about the earthly paradises of the North. Thus he emphasizes the verity and integrity and objectivity of his treatise. The book is a little encyclopedia of what we most need to know about the Northern democracies and their states of welfare and their claim on our military, economic, and political cooperation.

* * *

FRIIS'S is indeed an important book. During the nineteenth century the peaceful but revolutionary reorganization of government and society in the Scandinavian nations was based on the models of the American Republic. In the twentieth century, however, those countries have often surpassed us in the application of our own democratic principles politically, as well as to our hospitals and the research and recreational establishments of private industries. It is, therefore, a public service that Henning Friis of the Danish Ministry of Social Affairs has rendered in compiling in this book chapters by experts on Scandinavian economics, government planning, labor relations, social welfare, housing, cooperatives, adult education, foreign policy, potential unity, and American relations.

To us, with our two-party political tradition, the Scandinavian six-party system may seem inefficient, but it has worked very well for them. Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Farmer, Labor, and Communists are able to produce good government. In recent years the Communists have been pro-

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gressively outvoted but they are still a legal unit of the electorate. The Labor Party is now in power in Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden. Scandinavian labor parties, as Professor Galenson of Harvard points out, are somewhat more pragmatic than Labor in Britain. They frequently forget their announced blueprints in favor of more practical experiments.

At this writing there are no strikes in the Northern nations, and the many American students of social science who visit these countries are disappointed that they cannot observe negotiations for the adjustment of wages. In Sweden the nonpartisan Labor Court sits every Friday to settle differences that cannot be compromised by conference, conciliation, arbitration, or the lower courts. Its decisions are unanimous and final and may not be appealed. Wage and insurance contracts in Scandinavia are made, not as in America, but for the next calendar year, and if not completed by December 31 there are no strikes or lockouts until final agreement on a retroactive basis is reached in the spring. The chief difference between the American and the Scandinavian industrial organization, however, lies in the fact that employers in Scandinavia are as well organized locally and nationally as are the labor unions, so that contracts are settled in conference without recourse to governmental agencies.

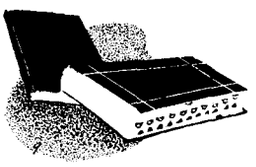
The Danish system of medicine and public health, as outlined by Mr. Friis, is indeed a model for mankind. It is based on private enterprise, as the majority of the population belong to sickness clubs, to which they contribute nominal dues, and receive medical care and hospitalization, when needed, free. The operation is similar to that of the unemployment clubs for the benefit of workers out of a job. Housing on a large scale is provided by Government loans, liquidated over the years by the usually thrifty owners, often assisted by cooperative housing societies.

Bryn Hovde concludes this book with an admirable summary of American-Scandinavian relations. Even more important than the testimony of the experts are the revelations of the pertinent statistics in the appendix, from which the reader may draw his own conclusions, which may differ from the judgment of the authorities. When we read that Denmark in a single year spends seven hundred million kroner on social and health services, two hundred million on church and education, and only seventy million for defense we may be fearful that the nation will commit economic suicide from excessive haste in social betterment.

Publishers' Corner

WITH NO THOUGHT OF PROFIT

PUBLISHING can be done with an eye for profit or an eye for advancing the sum of human knowledge. Often the two ends are not mutually exclusive. But publishing engaged in purely for scholarship, with no thought whatsoever of profit, is usually reserved for the university presses. Their job is to make sure that the university fulfils its job in a democracy by providing the widest dissemination of tested knowledge, no matter what the cost.



What does the bill come to? A comparison of costs between the university presses and the most profitable of our culturally responsible publishers is illuminating.

University presses incur higher selling costs, and their expenses for editorial work, shipping, and all other office procedures add up to a much higher percentage of the sales. On the other hand, they pay much less in royalties; indeed, on half their books the authors get no royalties at all, or are paid only on sales beyond a quota. Less than 13 per cent of the sales income (after trade discounts) of university presses goes in royalties, as compared with 18 to 20 per cent for commercial publishers.

The complete picture can be seen in the following tables. The first column is based on "A Report of American University Presses," by Chester Kerr; the second column reflects the operating results of our largest publishers (who, incidentally, have the greatest margin of profits). In both cases I have used income before any sales of rights, and in both cases sales include those to bookstores, colleges, and all other outlets.

	University Presses	*Others*
Manufacturing costs	48.4%	43.6%
Royalties	13.0	17.9
Selling	21.1	14.9
All other costs	30.4	19.5
Total costs	112.9%	95.9%

It ends up by the average commercial publisher making a small profit, while the university press loses about 13 per cent. The bill has got to be paid somehow. A part of it is defrayed from sales of rights (see "Those Chimerical Rights" in *SRL* May 13 and June 17). The rest feeds into the university press from endowments, gifts, and the parent university itself. Kerr breaks down the subsidies for one year as follows:

The parent institution	76.5%
Authors	8.5
Foundations	4.4
All other sources	10.6
Total	100.0%

No reflection upon university-press management should be drawn from these comparisons. A lot of first hand experience has shown me what good businessmen the university-press managers are. It is not their fault that university-press expenditures are driven to scandalous heights by printings much smaller than those that obtain in commercial houses.

HOW MUCH does it cost to sell you a book? Our most recent figures say that costs for advertising, publicity, and other forms of consumer contact (not direct salesmen) for a $4 novel are at least 24¢ out of the $2.40 the publisher gets from the bookseller. To get his sale the book publisher spends four or five times as much as the magazine publisher. The only sales jobs comparable with book publishing are drugs, cosmetics, and beverages. They often cost over 10 per cent of sales.

Why such a large figure for advertising and publicity? Important, of course, is that each book is a separate product; it must be individually sold. And important, too, is the tremendous number of salable units to be covered — the outlets that may influence the millions who buy books. A quick tabulation reveals that booksellers of some type total over 9,000. There are about 8,500 public libraries, 1,400 college libraries, 9,000 public-high-school libraries, and possibly 5,000 other kinds of libraries — such as those in business houses, law and accounting firms, Catholic schools, and private schools. Along with direct consumer advertising and promotion, they form the most important influence on consumer buying. And each of them — each of the booksellers and the libraries and the consumers — must be sold each time for each book.

Even Camels or Wheaties would have a stiff time faced with that problem.

* * *

In June trade-books sales were 75 per cent of those in the preceding year. The sales for the first six months were 99 per cent of the 1949 total. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors. —J. K. LASSER.

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THE MORE THE MERRIER

YOUR reviewer came back last month from four weeks of work and play in Kentucky, part of it at the highest point of the Cumberland Mountains, part in Berea, and part in the Blue Grass region around Lexington. Our shelves here in New York were overflowing with advance copies of the fall books, galleys, and unbound picture books. The new publishers' catalogues were here, too, and they show interesting promise — some of them so exciting that we can hardly wait for the finished product: a new story with her own illustrations by Anne Parrish; a book by J. R. R. Tolkien, whose "The Hobbitt" has become almost a classic; a story, with drawings in color by Helen Stone, from Phyllis McGinley. What fun it will be to see books like these in the Book Week exhibits! August finds this department in the Maine woods, reading and enjoying the new books in the green peace of Kennebago. We can imagine the piles of gay volumes that will be waiting for us when we come back to Manhattan. All that a critic can say is: "The more the merrier!"

KNIGHT OF FLORENCE. By Margery Evernden. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Random House. 134 *pp.* $2.50.

PIERO, son of the powerful Feruzzi family, lived in Florence in the fourteenth century. It was the time when Giotto was the greatest of the Italian painters and architects. His lovely rose and green and white tower already stood, as it stands today, opposite the Baptistry. Piero wanted to be a painter but his family discouraged it. When his father was exiled in one of the interminable struggles that so often turned Florence into a battle ground, Piero became an apprentice of old Tomasso, a painter who knew Giotto but was far less successful. It was Tomasso, however, who finally got for Piero the thing he wanted most — permission to work in the great Giotto's studio.

The action of the story is not as clear or as smooth in continuity as in Miss Evernden's "The Secret of the Porcelain Fish." But the characters are well drawn and the atmosphere of fourteenth-century Florence is excellent. Rafaello Busoni's drawings add greatly to the authentic quality of the story. His sketches of the city as the two boys see it from Fiesole are real enough to bring a feeling of nostalgia to those who know and love this particular view. Especially attractive end-papers distinguish this book.

COMMODORE BARRY, NAVAL HERO. By Francis E. Benz. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

The American naval tradition holds no prouder name than that of John Barry, the young Irishman who fought so gallantly in the Revolutionary War. Commander of the brig *Lexington*, first ship to put to sea under the authority of the Continental Congress and the first to carry the new American flag to victory over an English rival, he shares with John Paul Jones first place in the birth of our Navy. In many ways, as this author points out, Barry's influence on the future of our Navy was even greater than that of John Paul Jones.

Mr. Benz tells the story of John Barry in a colorful and dramatic fashion. It will certainly appeal to boys, and probably to their fathers. It is a pity that his editor and publisher have not done as well. This is not biography or even "dramatized" biography. It is rousing, good, historical fiction. It is time for the publishers to make this distinction.

—RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

—From "Knight of Florence."

LET 'EM ROLL. Written and illustrated by Charles Michael Daugherty. New York: The Viking Press. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

Charles Daugherty has chosen the production of a moving picture in Hollywood as the theme for this vigorous and informing story of Jack Beacon and his uncle Tex. Tex is a famous director, working on a picture based upon a story of "the wild West." Jack, who has directed and even made amateur movies in high school, is extremely anxious to help his uncle "on location." As the story progresses he learns a good deal about the problems, and the dangers, of making a movie that faithfully represents a period of United States history. The historical background is provided by the most original character in the story — old Jedediah Meade, a pioneer who knows more about Kit Carson and Lieutenant Frémont than all the research librarians in Hollywood.

DEDICATION: The Love Story of Clara and Robert Schumann. By Sigmund Spaeth. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 180 *pp.* $3.

THE LIVES of few famous people provide as rich a love story as that of the composer, Robert Schumann, and Clara Wieck, "the greatest woman pianist of all time." The present volume is devoted to the twelve years preceding Clara's twenty-first birthday. The happy marriage and the continuation of Clara's concert career simultaneously with the rearing of eight children are described in a brief epilogue.

Young Schumann joined the Wieck household when he gave up law to devote his entire time to music. Clara, a child prodigy, developed her natural gifts under her father's iron rule. At eight years of age she was practicing five to seven hours a day. It was only natural that Schumann should take a brotherly interest in the brilliant child. When this interest began to quicken into love Father Wieck took Clara on a concert tour of Europe. Wieck's determination to separate them increased as, despite long separations, the two young people became more and more convinced that they belonged together. The pressure on Schumann to enter the law, his dislike of routine, the long separation from Clara, the hatred and vilification of his future father-in-

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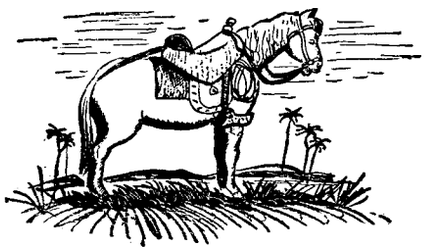


—From "The Saddle of Carlos Perez."

law, the partial paralysis of his right hand, the lack of true recognition during his lifetime — all are recorded. In addition, there are delightful glimpses into Schumann's work and the conditions under which he produced many of his compositions. The excerpts from Clara's diary and the letters from Schumann lend reality to the story.

This book will interest all young people who are concerned with the problems of real individuals. The discussions of Schumann's compositions and the picture of his talented friends will, of course, hold special interest for music lovers. Through Sigmund Spaeth's skilful presentation most readers will gain increased appreciation for and understanding of the problems of musicians and composers. It will encourage them to go on and read farther in the field.

—MARIAN R. BROWN.

THE THEATRE FOR CHILDREN. By Winifred Ward. Drawings by Charles Vance. Anchorage, Ky.: The Children's Theatre Press. 317 *pp.*

The director of the Children's Theatre at Evanston, Ill., presents a revised edition of her history of the theatre for children. It begins with a lively account of the plays presented under the direction of Madame de Genlis in France in the eighteenth century. She goes on to professional and amateur productions in England and in America, bringing out many that are familiar to the layman and some that are little known. Perhaps the most helpful part of the book is her analysis of the play itself, the responsibility of the director, the place of the drama in community life, the cost of production, costuming, and all the details of presentation. She gives a list of plays under copyright, as well as free, a list of publishers, and a selected bibliography. The book is illustrated with photographs and with sketches of scenes and costumes.

RADIO PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Walter Hackett. With an introduction by Norman Corwin. Boston: Plays, Inc. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Walter Hackett is too well known in the radio world to need comment here. It is good to have in book form fifteen of his radio plays dramatized from books by outstanding writers. They range from Anatole France's "The Juggler of Our Lady" to Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." With an experienced narrator for the main voice, they could all be broadcast by an amateur group successfully. It is a joy to read Norman Corwin's introduction, not only because we agree with every word of it but also because it is so well expressed.

BOATS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM. By Amy Hogeboom. New York: The Vanguard Press. 40 *pp.* $1.50.

This is another of the helpful and informing series of books on drawing that includes dogs, horses, cats, birds, and various other animals. It deals with many different kinds of boats, and it is very well illustrated with drawings and photographs. Young artists will find it easy to follow.

THE SADDLE OF CARLOS PEREZ. By George E. Tait. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 87 *pp.* $2.

Carlos lived on an hacienda in Columbia, Central America. The story tells of his adventures in earning the money to buy a new saddle, of the excitement of cattle-rustlers, and the gaiety and color of a native fiesta. It is for younger boys and girls and is fully illustrated with attractive black and white drawings.

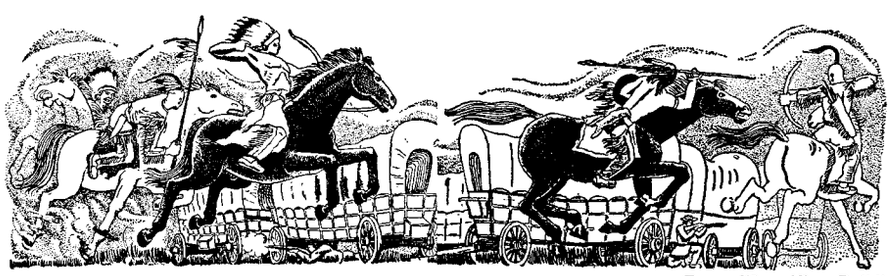
DAVEY LOGAN, INTERNE. By Henry Gregor Felson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the story of a tough, stubborn farm boy who on the night that his mother died for lack of a doctor determined to be one. It is the story of an education won under financial difficulty, of medical school where Davey's lack of money was no greater obstacle than his uncompromising stubbornness, of his decision to become a specialist and make a fortune. Above all, it is the story of his interneship and a chain of unusual and dramatic circumstances that led to his return to practise medicine in the country village near his boyhood farm.

Mr. Felson's book is not labeled "vocational fiction," but it does give the reader a good deal of insight into the training and problems of a young doctor. More often, it describes the struggle over values that is so often faced by young people in any vocation. —R. A. B.

BAY OF THE NORTH: The Story of Pierre Radisson. By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: William Morrow & Co. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Within a year of his arrival in Canada fifteen-year-old Pierre Radisson was captured and tortured by the Indians. That was the hair-raising beginning of a dramatic, dangerous, and luckless career. Within a decade he had traveled by canoe to lakes Huron and Michigan and as far as the Mississippi River. He became the first white man to reach the shores of Hudson Bay by the overland route. Realizing the advantage of this means of tapping the fur resources of the vast interior of the continent, he was instrumental in founding the Hudson's Bay Company. Yet the courage and vision that brought wealth to so many others earned Pierre little but disappointment and failure.



—From "Let 'Em Roll."

Mr. Syme has told this story with charm and vigor. —M. R. B.

COCOS GOLD. By Ralph Hammond. New York: Harper & Bros. 266 *pp.* $2.

We are told that Ralph Hammond is a pseudonym for an author "well known for his adult novels of suspense." He has certainly written a thrilling tale for boys and girls in this book! It is the story of Johnny Keverne and his adventures with a group of cut-throats who are after the buried treasure on Cocos Island. The gold and jewels were stolen from the ancient cities of Peru and buried there. Excellent characterization and a plot that has continuous action and suspense make this an exceptionally good adventure story. The background and the chief characters are English.

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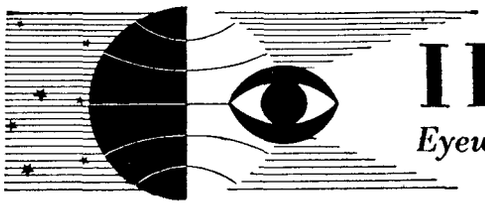

IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Labor & the Film

LABOR'S meager efforts to use the film pale beside the achievements of industry and agriculture. Literally thousands of films have been sponsored by business interests. In the last ten years the NAM alone has screened its views on the American social scene before 173 million people.

How does labor get in on all this? It points with pride to "Brotherhood of Man" made by the United Automobile Workers (CIO), and with less than pride to "Deadline for Action," by the United Electrical Workers. But until recently most labor leaders, when they think about film at all, do so with an attitude that is amazingly horse-and-buggy.

There is a very real danger that the nontheatrical screens of America will become exclusively the spokesman of big business. Labor has made no effort to publicize its views on economics, "Americanism," or any issues of the day with equal effectiveness. Nor can we expect stimulus to independent thought from the timid hedgings of the "social-studies" films produced by educational and commercial film companies. Those who know the spread and effectiveness of films *outside* the theatre and who feel that a free marketplace of ideas is essential to democracy must look to labor to establish a balance.

Of course, nobody needs labor on the screen like labor. Time was when union loyalties were dearly held because they were dearly bought. A worker was most often educated in the precepts of unionism by the business end of a nightstick. Presumably those days are gone for good. Along with them went many of the personal bonds between union and worker. Now we have the true child of his time—the "automatic" union member, loyal but indifferent, brother to the passive citizen and the Sunday churchmember. The task of educating and inspiring its 15,000,000 members has become fully as important to the unions as organizing or collective bargaining—and it happens to be a task film is especially equipped to do.

It is customary in articles of this kind to survey what is being done in the field and, with pious hope, to predict a glowing future. In this case there seems to be reason for hope. Film has taken hold in a good number of local union halls and is making a place for itself from the ground up, as it were. It begins to look as if labor's leaders will *have* to rise to the occasion.

There are now three fair-sized nuclei of film users in the CIO. During the last war the auto workers organized a Film Division in their Education Department in Detroit, which makes theirs the oldest and largest labor-film library going. The newest center is the library of the Textile Workers and Amalgamated Clothing Workers in New York, a unique arrangement jointly maintained by these two separate unions. Film source for most other unions in the CIO is the Film Division of the National CIO in Washington. All in all, these three libraries service an average of 275 requests a month—a figure that blushes to be told, considering the CIO's potential audience of 5,000,000.

WITH the AFL the story is briefer, and bleaker. Of the 1,000 projectors scattered over the country in union halls the AFL (with a membership of 8,000,000) accounts for a bare 200, with 800 belonging to the CIO.

Much of the credit for the CIO's edge over the AFL in film use belongs to George Guernsey, associate director of the CIO Education Department. Ex-schoolteacher and confirmed film enthusiast, Guernsey not only helped to organize the CIO Film Division in 1947 but since has pushed and pulled scores of locals into using films as a regular part of their program.

While a number of AFL unions occasionally circulate films to their locals, they have no formally constituted film library. So it is encouraging that, after years of urging by union educators like Mark Starr, the AFL Workers Education Bureau is soon to provide a film information service, perhaps even a central AFL library.

The films that do get shown through these channels are essentially "fringe" films like "Don't Be a Sucker," "The City," "The House I Live In," "The Roosevelt Story"—movies the union can integrate into its education work.

Further growth of film use waits upon the production of a core of films specifically designed to meet union problems. There is no such core at present. Search all the lists and you come up with no more than thirty union-sponsored films. Here is a sampling, roughly classified by content: *labor history*—"Marching On," "The Strange Case of Tom Mooney"; *strike stories*—"Poverty in the Valley of Plenty," "United Action," "Conspiracy," "The Oakland Story," "The Redwood Story,"; *union education*—"The Campus Comes to the Steelworker," "Brother John"; *political action*—"They Said Labor Didn't Count," "The Case of the Fishermen," "Deadline for Action," "They Met at the Fair"; *foreign policy*—"Rome Divided," "Eyewitness in Athens"; *institutional portraits*—"This is Our Brotherhood," "Our Union," "The Carpenters' Home," "Our Union—Story of Local 91," "Look for the Union Label," "A Bounty Unpurchasable."

It could very well be said of the unions which made the films listed above: "Their attitude has been, with few exceptions narrowly parochial or naively propagandist. With funds and organization fully available for the making of inspiring films which would be of direct service to the community, they have tended to spend their money on movies devoted to celebrating centenaries and past triumphs, or to preaching to the converted." These are the words of Basil Wright speaking of the British trades unions. How applicable to the U. S.!

At least two recent labor films are conceived in a new spirit. Highest praise for "With These Hands," labor's first full-length feature, should go to David Dubinsky. By all accounts, the lively leader of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union threw his unbounded enthusiasm behind its production and has since become labor's most active partisan of the film medium. Though given only a lukewarm reception at its Broadway opening (by critics who ought to be able to distinguish between a historical documentary in dramatic dress and the standard entertainment product), "With These Hands" rates as a fine public-relations effort and far and away the best film ever produced by labor. Of course, Dubinsky's problem is only half-solved. The other half consists of getting the movie shown to the members—and ILGWU locals have neither 16mm. projectors nor a distribution set-up. Taking the members to the theatres is, at best, a one-time outing. In terms of a per-

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manent solution it begs the question.

"Union at Work," not slick and not expensive (in fact, cheaper than any film has a right to be), bears the stamp of the Textile Workers' experienced education director, Lawrence Rogin, who wanted an honest educational tool. In making the film he was motivated by a clear-cut purpose —to explain a union to its members by dramatizing its services. Members will see it at regular meetings in their own halls because a network of active 16mm. projectors was painstakingly established for two years beforehand. Results to date would seem to bear out the confidence that Textile's President, Emil Rieve, had in the project.

Whether these two so different, but equally purposeful, films mark the beginning of a new era of expanded film activity by the unions remains to be seen. That is a decision which will have to be taken at top levels in the AFL and CIO, and one which should no longer be put off.

Were labor's indecision a question of money alone it could be shown that no major union fails to spend upwards of $100,000 a year on its newspaper. Yet, audience for audience, properly distributed films are cheaper and more effective than printed matter. And since union reserves total in the millions, there need be no question of a choice between the two.

The answer to labor's sporadic and ineffectual film efforts lies in cooperation and planning for both production and distribution. Logically, a coordinating agency similar to the Mental Health Film Board, described in *SRL* Oct. 15, is demanded. A labor film board might even transcend the AFL-CIO split on a well-defined program of priority films on which all the unions can agree. It could make possible what some see as labor's most immediate need: a monthly, ten-minute newsreel.

Labor has to come to grips with creating a program of film use and film making that is planned and effective, sooner better than later. What it finally does with film will be a test of the maturity of its leadership and its capacity to contribute to democracy.

—AL HEMSING.

Al Hemsing was in charge of 16mm. distribution for OWI Overseas during the war and later was sent to Great Britain to evaluate the State Department's film services there. He is now director of the film division of two different unions—Textile Workers and Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

The Film Forum

WORKING MEN

***The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

UNION AT WORK

Produced and distributed by the Textile Workers Union of America (CIO), 99 University Place, New York 3, N. Y. (24 min.)

This is the official film story of the Textile Workers Union — how it works and why. With more than 800 locals involving 450,000 members, the TWUA has yet a big job of organizing to do: more than three-quarters of a million workers are still without the benefits of union contract.

"Union at Work" gives as sincere and convincing an account of a union's activities and aims as has yet been done on film. Issues, such as organizing, strikes, political action, and the rights and obligations of working men everywhere, are calmly and forthrightly presented. More than that, the film is imaginative and pleasing. Produced by Al Hemsing and directed by Rosemarie Hickson, it shows more craftsmanship than is usual in a film of this kind. A background of guitar-accompanied union songs adds to the film's mobility, yet avoids the pitfall of overemotionalizing. The first-person narration by the voice of a union organizer is precise and earnest, with only one objectionable flaw—its repeated use of the phrase "my people," referring to TWUA members.

While lacking the photographic splendor of most industrially sponsored films, "Union at Work" is a first-rate attempt to communicate ideas and influence attitudes, a film the labor movement and the entire nation can look to with satisfaction.

THE RISING TIDE

Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its office at 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. (30 min.)

Here is a film which successfully combines a significant statement of reality with exceptional photographic beauty. Set in the fishing villages of the maritime provinces of Canada, "The Rising Tide" re-enacts the development of the important cooperative movement in that area. In the Twenties, when nearly all the people were close to starvation, a Government commission set about to remedy the situation and recommended the formation of cooperatives, with Government assistance. Father Cody, one of the leading lights in the movement, urged the fishermen and their families to follow this new way of individual and group self-help. "I've come to organize you," he would say. "You're poor enough to want help and smart enough to get it."

The film gives a moving account of what happened afterwards. Unfortunately, it does not develop at an even pace; the first part of the film is definitely superior to the latter. John Foster's seascape photography is breathtakingly beautiful, filtered to a fine point, and there is an excellent musical background based on Nova Scotian folk songs. In short, the film is a fine portrayal of local economic and social problems, celebrating one solution to them.

INDUSTRY'S DISINHERITED

Produced by Union Films for the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America. Available from Union Films, 111 West 88th St., New York. (20 min.)

Old age is a time to rest, but how many workers over sixty-five can retire with enough income for bare existence? Less than half, this film says, and it proposes adequate pensions based upon joint cooperation between Government and industry. Fighting mad, it discusses the shortcomings of our present social security legislation and industry-pension systems, then points out that the top executive of one of the companies its members work for can expect $5,500 each month when he retires from his position.

But when you see the film end with the slogan "Security begins at home! Don't spend our money on arms and cold wars, but on people!" it makes you think twice! However, except for this part of the film, which surely is unnecessary to an argument in favor of adequate old-age pensions, the points brought out in the film seem valid and straightforward and would bear investigation and action.

BROTHER JOHN

Produced by the United Automobile Workers and distributed by the CIO Department of Education and Research, Film Division, 718 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. (10 min.)

An occasionally clever plea for wider participation in union activities, as opposed to dues-paying complacency.

EACH FOR ALL

Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (11 min.)

A satisfactory account of trade unionism in Great Britain, throwing some light on the aims and accomplishments of organized labor in general.

—CECILE STARR.
Editor, IDEAS ON FILM.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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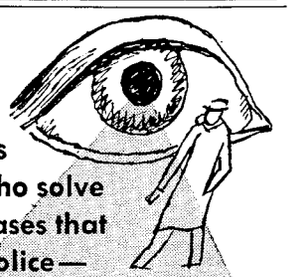

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FICTION

(Continued from page 11)

parents, her parents' parents, and generations past have been, or are, a part of society, too. Which raises a couple of points that the author might clear up with benefit to various other humble and muddled members of the same society: One, why do some children, as much the victims of neglect and poor environment as Tomboy, grow up to lead useful, honorable, and compassionate lives? Two, why must education be made "attractive" at the cost of all discipline and self-restraint, to children to whom the knowledge that life isn't always attractive will come later and with shocking impact?

In a way it is rather sad that Mr. Ellson should have titled his book "Tomboy." The word isn't employed often in these days of female ball teams and roller-skating derbies. But there must still be thousands of small-town and city folk to whom "tomboy" recalls the memory of a girl who could swim and fish, ride a bicycle, play tennis and baseball, shoot marbles, and win a snow fight as handily as any boy. She was the despair of her mother and maiden aunts, but she was healthy, wholesome, and clean.

Fiction Notes

MY TIME, MY LIFE, by George Camden. Doubleday. $3. This novel ought to command respect merely because the story it tells must reawaken in every reader memories of the heroism of London during the blitz. Unfortunately, and for reasons which can only be surmised, George Camden has chosen to make thoroughly ineffective use of his material—possibly in the mistaken conviction that his story can tell itself.

The narrator is Bill, who describes himself in the second chapter as "a hard nut who believes nothing until he sees it for himself and knows his work into the bargain." Bill works in a munitions factory, where he indulges in desultory discussion of political questions with his Communist foreman and with other workers. Bill is married to Pat, who is at various times stated to be pretty, cold, loving, loyal, and remote, among other things. They have one child, Kathie, whom the author never characterizes at all.

Mr. Camden's attempt to give us Bill's war is foredoomed to failure because his Bill is an abstraction, a figure out of a statistician's chart, an average workman with a wife and 1.5 children. If he remains silent because he wants to generalize the meaning of his story, then he is paying an excessively high price for his message. And if, perhaps, he has some other reason, the conclusion remains the same. —MILTON CRANE.

PRAIRIAL, by Laura Talbot. Macmillan. $2. This English novel is a sort of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" with a difference. The difference is that it wasn't written by D. H. Lawrence. Emily, the wife of Sir William and the mother of his two little girls, is an unhappy, frustrated woman, of whom the number today is legion as is also the number of novelists who write about them. Sir William was a kind, considerate man, if a bit insistent on having own way in some matters. But Emily is a highly strung, neurotic woman. What she is unhappy about is hard to say, except that she loves London (whereas William loves the country) and that she has failed to give her husband the son he has so

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SECRETS FOR SALE *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2.50)	U.S. Intelligence operative killed on grounds of posh villa near Washington. Paul Kilgerrin, on spot, links crime with spy ring.	Resourceful private investigator with hooded eyes and way with women scotches espionage gang with customary daring.	Standard spy-stuff
THE DROWNING POOL *John MacDonald* (Knopf: $2.50)	Calif. poison-pen letter victim calls on Lew Archer for help. Subsequent murders keep hard-boiled shamus very busy.	MacDonald, who writes like streak, is rapidly promoting this Archer eye into front ranks of eight-minute eggs.	Extra good

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much craved. That may be partly her own fault, for on the night of the Tenants' Ball in celebration of Edward VII's Coronation her husband, rediscovering her beauty in her regalia of tiara and all, is willing to try again. But the lady is coy.

At the ball she appears to have discovered Hayton, a farm hand, upon whom she has decided to inflict her charms. She succeeds only too well and when she finds herself pregnant the lady is greatly alarmed. Kind Sir William agrees to father the child; indeed hopes it may be a boy, the boy he has so much desired. This proposal for a happy solution, far from satisfying Emily, only makes her the more miserable; she assumes she is mad, and succeeds in convincing Sir William when she makes three successive attempts to kill Barbara, born to her as the result of her little affair. The story is well written, and it may surprise some that it has a happy ending.

—JOHN COURNOS.

THE HILL OF GLASS, by Catherine Whitcomb. Random House. $2.75. This is the story of Lucy Mackintosh and Emily Winfield, ancient friends and enemies, who had shared the same experiences but were quite different. "Lucy's hair was blue and she preferred martini, very dry, with lemon peel. Emily's hair was gray and she liked sweet sherry. Lucy went to a psychiatrist and painted her toenails. Emily went faithfully to church, which was much the same thing in her opinion."

It is also the story of their daughters, and their daughters' marriages. Emily's beautiful daughter Marianna was married to Hank Worthington, but he was quite conscious that she did not love him. It seemed vastly important to him, important to tell it at once now that he was back from the war and realized it fully, to Eleanor, the pretty girl with whom he had fallen in love while they were both on duty abroad. Probably it was of less importance to Marianna herself, who, since her college-prom-going days, had been in love with Clyde Ford, voted "most likely to succeed" in his class in Princeton, and very expertly carried off, under Marianna's nose, by the daughter of her mother's best friend, bright and brittle Laura. It is largely of the wreck of these two marriages, lived in disenchantment and a continual haze of alcohol, that "The Hill of Glass" treats. And of the mounting, helpless grief of the two elderly mothers.

Being a novel very much of today, it is inevitable that one of the marriages should end in divorce, with a suffering and bewildered little boy trying to understand about the "very dear friend" to whom his father makes such a point of introducing him, while the second marriage is, as the book closes, in the process of being patched up by a psychiatrist.

Since this is a completely contemporary novel, its author leaves us with the happy implication that since a psychiatrist is explaining their present difficulties in terms of past experiences to the Fords, their marriage, at least, is going to be salvaged and molded into something really fine. Possibly this note is correct, and it doesn't take two fairly decent human beings to make a good marriage, just two who are completely informed as to the neurotic background of themselves and their mates. Marriages, this contemporary novel would, in fact, have us believe, should be made not in heaven but in the analyst's office.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

A STRETCH ON THE RIVER, by Richard Bissell. Little, Brown-Atlantic. $2.75. The Mississippi is the same river that flowed in the days of Mark Twain. And though the people who live on it and by it may be also essentially the same, there can be little doubt that the externals of river existence are different, and a writer today must write about it differently, too. In live, racy language Mr. Bissell, writing in the first person, describes the daily life of river folk and their attitudes to life itself. The narrator at the beginning of the war, having been refused by the Navy and having no use for the Army, left the comforts supplied by his bootlegging father behind and, against the advice of all and sundry, got a job as a deck-hand on an Upper Mississippi freighter. It was very hard work, but he had gumption and was stubborn. By the end of a year he began to feel sorry for the people on the bank: "When I got that far I was a river man." As much a river man, indeed, as his immediate superior, Second Mate Joe. In the end he was as much a river man as the pilot, Jim Sargent—more so perhaps, because by now Sargent, after years of service (he worked for the money in it) was getting homesick for his wife and kiddie. This was not a bit like Joe, who confessed that "this here is just a disease, this steamboating, a incurable disease." The sexual interludes which pepper the narrative illustrate best the difference in tempers between Mark Twain's day and ours. A masculine book this, not without entertainment.

—J. C.

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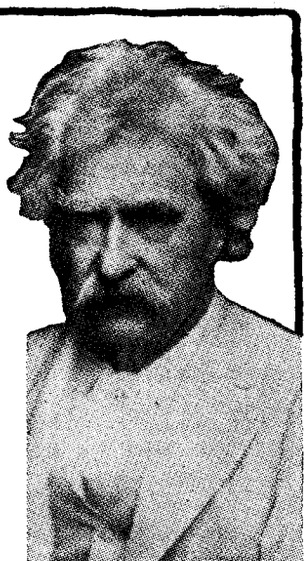
Censored and criticized



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MARK TWAIN

AS A LITERARY ARTIST

By Gladys Carmen Bellamy

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TO EUROPE BY BALLOON—1

A FRIEND of ours, an ex-member of the Italian Air Force counts among his possessions American citizenship papers, an American-born wife and daughter, and a curiosity for old books and aeronautical subjects. While indulging the latter two notions at a rummage sale in an Episcopal Church in Port Washington, Long Island, some years ago, he suddenly found himself, by one of those inexplicable actions, the owner of the yellowing library of one George Maclean of Today Printing & Publishing Co., of Philadelphia. Among the books garnered in the haul was (to him) a treasure called "Through the Air" by John Wise, published in the fall of 1873.

"Through the Air," as its title page explains, is a "narrative of forty years' experience as an aeronaut, a history of the various attempts in the art of flying by artificial means from the earliest period down to the present time with an account of the author's most important air voyages and his many thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. . . ." The book apparently was published to capitalize on an autumn escapade of Mr. Wise in 1873 wherein he attempted to fly from Brooklyn to Europe in a balloon equipped for emergency purposes with a lifeboat, which dangled from the underside of the basket. The adventure is duly recorded in Chapter LV by Mr. Wise, a balloonist of considerable note, who believed that there was a prevailing west-to-east wind if a man could get up high enough to take advantage of it. To prove the assumption he had in 1859 flown from St. Louis to Henderson, N. Y., a distance of 804 miles, which stood as a record balloon flight for many decades.

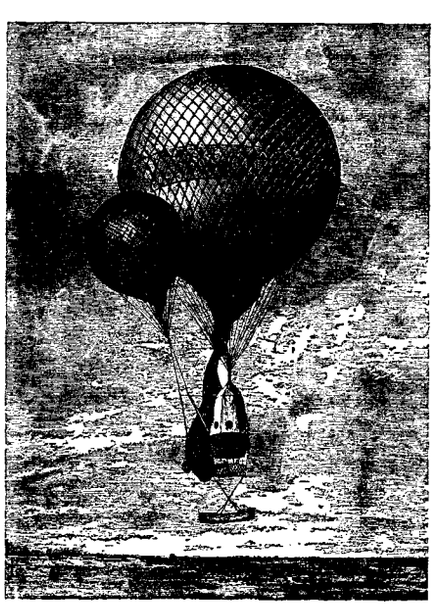
A plan to start the transatlantic trip from the Boston Common on the Fourth of July 1873 collapsed after a fire in the city made it imperative that the municipal authorities put the public funds to better purposes. However, *The Daily Illustrated Graphic*, a New York newspaper, approached Wise and agreed to underwrite the project. "Through the Air" describes the preparations in detail. The full length from top of balloon to bottom of lifeboat was to measure 160 feet, the gas bag to hold 600,000 cubic feet of gas, the car itself was to have two floors and to be equipped with roll-up windows, a corps of carrier pigeons, a "lime-stove," air mattresses, and calcium torpedoes for throwing over the side to determine the direction of the balloon at night. Wise explained the use of the 800-pound lifeboat in the event of an emergency but on that curt note the chapter and the book ended.

TUCKED away among the pages of "Through the Air" was an old brown envelope which contained a photo of Wise, three letters from Wise to George Maclean in Philadelphia, and a postcard giving Maclean entrance to the balloon grounds in Brooklyn. Although the book spoke of the Goodsells, owners of *The Graphic*, in glowing terms, the first letter dated August 31, 1873, a few days before the scheduled ascent, had this to say:

> You see by Saturday's *Graphic* what the Goodsells are at. The tricky notice of their book by coupling my name with it as part editor of "The Graphic Balloon" voyage history will do them no good in the sequel. If it will be of any benefit to *our book* that I should make an explanation and disavowal of any authorship or editorship in their book, I will be ready to do so. If that transatlantic voyage is ever made, as I hope it will be, in spite of the Goodsells' shortcomings, it will hardly be expected that a sane man, used as they have used me, will worry his brain to write a *Graphic* narrative for a party who would plunder him of his name and his hard-earned reputation without a decent recompense. Either I am very dull of apprehension, or these badsells are the most conscienceless folks that I have ever encountered. . . . I shall struggle much harder to get the thing up and off, than I shall if dropped in the sea, because they have furnished us with a walnut and ash-striped coffin; they term it a Life-boat. . . .

The Graphic in the meantime was beating the drums. An editorial early in September asked railroad and steamship lines to provide excursion rates between September 7 and 11. "Among the excursions arranged," it reported proudly, "is that of the South Bethlehem Reading Room and Library Association, which will visit this city to the number of two thousand to witness the departure of the balloon on the 10th proximo." The paper offered to take letters at $1 for each half-ounce or less, the money to be divided between Wise and Donaldson (his companion) as "partial recompense for their daring courage." In an editorial entitled "The Empire of the Air," which appeared on September 2, the paper said, "The balloon is giving man the domination of the air, and will extend and complete his mastery of the earth."

On September 6, meanwhile, Wise wrote Maclean that it was "the most trying time of my life. A whole season of hope and exertion to be hung on a mountebank preparation. Read *The Graphic* of today," he exhorted, "lofty tumbling in *The Graphic* show for four days and four nights. Admission 50 cents, babes half price. Balloonacies served at the counter to suit tastes . . ." Then Wise



Wise's transatlantic balloon in 1873 was equipped with underslung lifeboat in case of sudden descent.

—*Illustrations from "Through the Air."*

An old balloon he sold to Lucretia Bradley in 1854 burst, but she descended safely in Jersey.

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slipped into author-publisher discourse. "My dear Maclean," he added, "I like you well and all the people of Today and therefore you will tolerate my vitriolic pleasantries . . . and help me out in my adversity by coming along with a pack Through the Air on Wednesday next. . . ."

Meanwhile *The Graphic* drummed on. The balloon, it said, would cover the space of four city lots. The bag would be about the size of the Capitol dome at Washington. Among its equipment it would carry the merchant flags of England, France, Spain, and Sweden, they being the countries where the balloon might finally alight. Also the paper announced for sale "all over the country," "The Balloon Graphic," a five-cent pamphlet.

John Wise.

As the project grew more commercial other newspapers began to snipe at the expedition and to doubt the good faith of the Goodsells. But in a letter to the *Herald*, Ingersoll, the builder of the lifeboat, countered by offering to bet anyone $10,000 that the ascension would take place. On Wednesday September 10, while being inflated, the balloon nearly broke away. Said the *Tribune* the next morning, "The balloon did not sail yesterday and nobody was greatly surprised . . . the future of the greasy globe now lying at the Capitoline Grounds (near the Navy Yard) must be governed . . . by the weather. There is no reason to doubt that as soon as *The Daily Graphic* can get in its gas Mr. Wise and at least one of his companions will step aboard and go somewhere. That they will actually go to Europe probably nobody on Manhattan island believes."

The balloon was now scheduled to rise over Brooklyn and head for Europe on Friday September 12. Early that day *The Graphic* advised its readers that its fourth edition would be issued after the departure of the balloon and promised an account of the "closing scenes of this great event." The third edition noted that the weather was clear and calm. It said that the balloon car had been discarded because of its weight and the crew had decided to ride in the airborne lifeboat instead. One line at the bottom of the story, crediting the American Press Association, said tersely, "It is now rumored that Professor Wise will not go."

The Sun reported the last-minute preparations this way:

> Every tree within sight bent beneath the weight of boys, and a strong force of police constantly fought them off the top of the fence. A thousand eyeholes were whittled in the interstices. Ferry boats were overladen and the air was full of a jangle of hucksters' cries. Donaldson, Ford, and Lunt [the crew] sat in a row on three sandbags and kept up a lively thinking.

When *The Graphic's* fourth edition came off the press its story on the balloon described the final minutes in pure poesy. "The vast yellow dome towered up, fairly golden in the sunshine." The crowds on Nostrand Avenue made traffic impassable. On the neighboring rooftops the tenants had pitched tents. "Thousands more were on their way to the grounds on foot, by car and conveyance of every kind, when the news was telegraphed from one to another and quickly down every thoroughfare." Around the Capitoline Grounds at precisely 4:10 P.M. the spectators noted a hissing noise. The crowd strained eagerly for a look. Those with a view could see "a fissure in the crown like a leadpencil line." In five seconds it had become a great triangular gash. Three hundred and twenty-five thousand cubic feet of gas escaped in less than thirty seconds. For a full ten seconds the mob was stunned; then there was a great roar and they surged forward, breaking the police cordon and trampling over the giant balloon, now a sodden, deflated tangle of guy ropes, gas bag, and net.

—Horace Sutton.

(This is the first of two articles on The Daily Graphic *balloon. The second will appear in* Booked for Travel *August 26.)*

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ROME, GUIDE BLEU, ENGLISH SERIES, edited by Gilbert Martineau. Nagel Publishers, New York. $3.95. A handbook, pure and simple, this one develops into a rather complete inventory of the *objets d'art* in Rome, and the city has a few. It covers Rome, the Vatican City, the environs of Rome, and, arbitrarily, such sanctuaries of Italy as the House of St. Catherine at Siena and the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi. When the book takes you by the hand for the inevitable tour it makes no headway through the forest of ruins, monuments, and museums; one comes away with less of the flavor of the city than is provided in the "Guide

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Bleu" for Paris. Nonetheless, there is all manner of practical tidbits among the pages including lists of artists, approaches to Rome from Great Britain and North America, a table of railway fares, and the cost of sending a letter via "pneumatic post."

WE FELL IN LOVE WITH QUEBEC, by Sidney W. Dean and Marguerite Mooers Marshall. Macrae Smith, Philadelphia. $3.50. The amour in question involves the province of Quebec on the one part and Dean and Marshall, who happen to be husband and wife, on the other. Anchored to a job, three children, and an elderly parent for twenty-five years, the Deans finally broke their moorings, bought a boat instead of a car, and headed north. The result is this chronicle, which deals with Quebec, Montreal, a sail up the Saguenay, a visit to the Gaspé peninsula, and so on. For those contemplating a similar yachting venture this should be indispensable, but you might consult it as an informal guide to the province as well. For pure reading it will prove a harmless adventure. I was a little bothered with the constant third-person references undertaken by the authors to indicate themselves and, further, the use of "Skipper" to denote Dean and "Mate" to indicate Margaret Marshall, but that's my only serious complaint.

McBRIDE'S GUIDE TO LONDON. Medill McBride, New York. $3. One of the few downright guidebooks that is not a hodge-podge of abbreviations, symbols, cross references, and minuscule type. Cleverly departmentalized and divided by subheads, this pocket-sized volume is quite readable, sometimes pleasantly amusing. It carries lists of restaurants, churches, clubs, and hotels—although these are carried alphabetically with no mention of price. However, there is a whole chapter on hints for the hurried, as what traveler isn't? And tucked away among everything else are some notes on little-known London sights. Moreover, it is illustrated. —H. S.

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jefferson Hope, in "A Study in Scarlet." 2. J. Neil Gibson, in "The Problem of Thor Bridge." 3. Mrs. Hilton Cubitt, in "The Adventure of the Dancing Men." 4. Killer Evans, in "The Adventure of the Three Garridebs." 5. Mr. Leverton, in "The Adventure of the Red Circle." 6. Irene Adler, in "A Scandal in Bohemia." 7. Captain James Calhoun, in "The Five Orange Pips." 8. Hatty Doran, in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor." 9. Birdy Edwards, in "The Valley of Fear." 10. Lucy Hebron, in "The Yellow Face."

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
FRENCH—LATE AND MIDDLE		
MILHAUD: "CANTATE DE L'ENFANT ET DE LA MERE." Madeleine Milhaud, diseuse; Juilliard Quartet, L. Hambro, pf.; Milhaud. MILHAUD: "LA MUSE MENAGERE." Composer at the piano. Columbia LP: ml 4305	Two appealing works. The Cantata has an intimate, rather lovely spoken text set to quiet simultaneous music—technically like Walton's "Façade" but an utterly different mood, reverential, lyric. Words spoken liquidly and with utmost clarity by Mme. M. Top recording makes this a valuable French diction record. A surprisingly moving, romantic work for the often facile and outward Milhaud. "Household Muse" is a humorous semi-children's suite of piano pieces with household titles ("The Laundry", etc.), short, quite playable, but often with considerable musical power; adds to long tradition — Bach, Schumann, Bizet (below), Debussy, Prokofiev, Krenek, Bartók, Shostakovich. These are Debussy-like, very French. Piano recording is not much to boast of and surfaces are noisy.	
SATIE: "PARADE" (ballet). 1917. AURIC: SUITE FROM "LES MATELOTS" (ballet). 1925. Houston Symphony Orch., Kurtz. Columbia LP: ml 2112 (10″)	"Parade" is an ambitious satire (the first "cubist" ballet, with Picasso and Massine)—echoes of earlier Stravinsky, Prokofiev, with plenty of blats, squawks, rag-time, dished up in a most highbrow manner. There's considerable content here and it was well worth recording. "Les Matelots" is lighter stuff, prototype of "On the Town," and not unlike much current ballet writing, with smooth, snazzy tunes, catchy orchestration. Nicely unimportant, fun to listen to. Recording of both works is excellent.	
MESSIAEN: "VISIONS DE L'AMEN." Yvonne Lorid, O. Messiaen, pianists. Dial LP: 8	Fair-to-good duo-piano; some bad percussive distortions here and there. Surfaces hiss.	Good for Dial—to bring us the first from this talked-of contemporary; but I find the ultra-mystical music incredibly pretentious, dull.
BIZET: "JEUX D'ENFANTS," OP. 22 Vronsky & Babin, piano — four hands. Columbia LP: ml 2107 (10″)	The loud, fast parts are excellent, but sustained notes give that uneasy sense of pitch waver, of false percussives. Might be my equipment—I think it's in the record, alas.	Another children's suite, this one gratifyingly elaborate in well-thought-out content. Ever humorous, typically melodic, interestingly dissonant, strong-harmonied. Nice "Carmen" anticipations.
CHOPIN: "LES SYLPHIDES" (ballet). Paris Conservatory, Désormières. London LP: LPS 192 (10″)	Excellently neutral — i.e., one is more aware of the music than of the recording. What could be better!	(Well, let's call this French . . .) Ballet lovers will probaby find this better timed for the dance than recent Columbia-Kurtz version.
DUKAS: "L'APPRENTI SORCIER." CHABRIER: "ROI MALGRE LUI" — "DANSE SLAVE." GLINKA: "RUSSLAN AND LUDMILLA" OV. London LP: LPS 193 (10″)	The Dukas cries for this kind of super-wide range detailed recording and it's exciting here—the other works benefit too. Maximum value from brilliant orchestration (on hi-fi outfits).	The "Sorcerer" really hops here. A live, tensely accurate playing, fine foil for the super recording. The Chabrier is a gay, noisy work, lush in harmony, a richer Offenbach.
D'INDY: "SYMPHONY ON A FRENCH MOUNTAIN AIR." R. Casadesus; N.Y. Philharmonic, Munch. FRANCK: SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS. R. Casadesus; Philharmonia Orch., Weldon. Columbia LP: ml 4298	Same pianist in U.S. & British recordings: as usual, the British piano is superior, minus the inevitable percussiveness, flutter, that plagues our piano. U.S. orch. is somewhat distant, thin; the British Philharmonia is nearer, rounder.	The D'Indy, in spite of excellent Munch portrayal, only emphasizes the superiority of simpler, more straightforward "Father Franck." Casadesus' Franck is technically a wow, but it's not truly warm, well felt.
FRANCK: PIANO QUINTET IN F MINOR. Chigi Quintet (Italy). London LP: LLP 201	Rather dead background makes this a bit dull, but the piano is well recorded with good bass; strings are well balanced.	An Italianate Franck — sweet and thin. Interesting for variety, but in the end it's a lack-lustre performance. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE TWO FRONTS

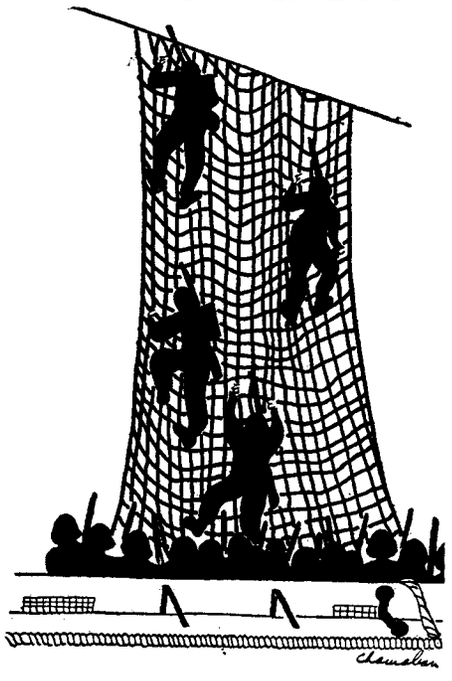
(Continued from page 7)

retreat even of its victors and meant that they have lost in the very process of winning. Each modern war (certainly the next one will do so when and if it comes) has brought us nearer and nearer, in spite of all the progress man has made, to a new dark age. As a distinguished professor recently wrote me, "It has suddenly dawned on me that since my sophomore year in college peace has come to seem abnormal in the world. Young men in their twenties must regard it as remote and as purely historical as we in our time regarded war."

We must not, we cannot, forget, however, that regardless of the threats of darkness and the thickly gathering storm clouds the lamps still burn and brightly burn. One of our major duties, along with all the other arduous tasks which may lie ahead, is to shield these lamps from the gale.

Events, our own consciences, or those in authority will tell us in time what each and all of us may have to do. Meanwhile the teacher must teach twice as hard and twice as persuasively as he has in the past. The student, still free to learn about other than military subjects, must study twice as diligently. Writers must write, painters must paint, musicians play, and architects build better than they have. All of us must mobilize ourselves to go about our tasks while they remain peaceful, hoping that in some small way we may contribute to the holding of those other lines, which are not the battle lines but the reason for the battle lines having been formed.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering weekend rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights) single room and bath, $15; double room and bath, $22; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $28. Air-conditioning available at $1.50 per day additional. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

FEMALE, GRACEFULLY MIDDLE-AGED, attractive, vivacious, independent, loves music, sketching, homemaking, outdoors, fishing, travel. Interested vactioning California. Invites successful, older, regular male ideas. Box 345-D.

YOUNG MAN—fairly literate, would correspond with girl who doesn't take herself too seriously. Box 344-D.

COMPANIONABLE female, mature, liberal, educated, gay-spirited, deplores lonely moments. Will similar male, mature write. Box 343-D.

WOULD ANYONE EXCHANGE for my two seats for South Pacific, 9th row center, September 8, similar ones for a September or October Saturday. Box 342-D.

LIBRARIAN and veteran husband need apartment in NYC or environs. Box 341-D.

EAGER FEMALE dying to correspond with immature male. Box 340-D.

SERIOUS modern artist, French, not-so-serious amateur photographer, invites female correspondents. Box 338-D.

NOBLEST OF ALL RARE TEAS—subtle, smoky, esoteric FIVE DYNASTY Lapsang Souchong. Introductory packet, with free "TEA SECRETS," only 25¢; China-International Exports, San Gabriel, California.

IF YOU READ THE EGYPTIAN—the ADVENTURER is great news. September 22.

BOOK-LOVER WANTED. Buy new bookshop with good toy side-line in Central Florida. Good possibilities for development. Must be friendly, enjoy small-town life. Box 415-D.

WHY NOT DONATE a set of books or a collection to your local Library or Alma Mater as a culture gift or memorial, deductible from your income tax. Send for details. Box 160-V.

FOR SALE: QUAINT, 4-room cottage, bath, sun porch, large plot, trees, garage, water gas, electricity, 14 miles New York. $8,500. Telephone, Park Ridge, New Jersey, 6-0132 J.

LADY *desires acquaintance of middle-aged gentleman*, alert, intelligent, independent. Box 336-D.

LADY CLIFF DWELLER enjoys cultural social activities, welcomes male correspondence. Box 335-D.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, history major. 5 *years' teaching experience, wants position traveling* or in foreign country. Box 334-D.

LADY invites correspondence with mature man. Box 333-D.

YALE SENIOR, veteran, wants unusually interesting work, anywhere. Box 598-B.

WANT TO OPEN A BOOKSHOP? We'll sell you an excellent basic stock of 5000 new and used out-of-*print books for only $750.00, f.o.b. Yonkers.* These will fill a medium-sized shop. If you like, we'll even give you some solid bookselling pointers. ALICAT BOOK SHOP, 287 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

DID YOU EVER do something you considered wrong which was never found out? If so, your account of *it may help others in like circumstances.* Leading national magazine will pay $100 for your first person account if accepted for publication. Letters kept confidential and edited to protect your identity. *Write Box 350-D anonimously if you prefer.*

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weisinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. *(Mention this ad for special Review booklets and* detailed information.)

PERSONALS

YOUR DREAM HOUSE in Berkshire foothills—only two hours from heart of New York. Attractive, year-round two-bedroom home. Two beautiful hillside acres, landscaped. $15,000. Terms. Write for folder. Nelson, "High Acres," Sherman, Connecticut, or NYC REctor 2-6514.

SINCERE WOMAN, educated, travelled, well-bred, desires correspondence with man of reasonably conservative outlook on life's true values. Box 305-D.

"PARTIES—PATHOLOGICAL OR OTHERWISE"; "On Gambling"; "Mambo"; "Fear of Touch"; "Sexual Gentleman's Agreement"! In: NEUROTICA 6. $2. subscription. 143 West 53 St., NYC.

WORK PLUS CULTURE—what a combination. Most unusual couple for Florida. He can do anything—she can teach anything. Box 306-D.

GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with lady of broad spiritual viewpoint. Box 307-D.

MATURE MALE business person would appreciate letter from mature female. Box 308-D.

UNSOPHISTICATED southern girl desires mature, sincere gentlemen correspondents. Box 309-D.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES, new 1950. Cool, quiet, beautiful. All conveniences, no "entertainment." Bring camera, water colors. Whistler's Cove, West Bath, Maine. Folder.

ESCAPIST, *sailing to the islands. Wants companions,* who know sailing and navigation. Box 311-D.

IF YOU LIKE COMFORT, excellent food well cooked, large rooms, informal atmosphere, why not live at SADDLE RIDGE, spacious country home, one hour from NY, not too far from RR station, Silvermine Guild, etc. Minimum stay, one month. Ceil O'Keefe, Norwalk, Connecticut 8-9353.

SOMEWHERE there must be a middle-aged gentle*man who would welcome correspondence with lady* interested in the worthwhile. Box 313-D.

BOXER PUPPIES. High Topper Kennels, Route 7, Box 465 A, Little Rock, Arkansas.

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED home on Lake Champlain *available to couple seeking privacy and gracious* living. Near college town. Will rent or share. Box 316-D.

NEED wholesome, mature, progressive, professional or business male thought to offset feminine views. Box 317-D.

MIDDLE-AGED woman, simple, congenial, rather unsophisticated, invites correspondence. Box 318-D.

GAY GUY, *sincere and friendly, would like to get* terrific rise from stimulating mail. Box 319-D.

TWENTYISH MALE WILL DRIVE, cook, etc., for Southern Californian. Salary secondary to living conditions. Box 320-D.

LONELY *college graduate, modern views, personable,* seeks adventures via feminine correspondence. Box 321-D.

FOR SALE: 16th CENTURY HOUSE, Antigua, Guatemala: modern plumbing, electricity, 3 bedrooms, living rooms, etc. $10,000. Gore Vidal, c/o Dutton Publishers, 300 Fourth Avenue, NYC.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, middle-age, refined, cultured, much travelled in Europe. Interested classical music, *literature, art, good living. Invites correspondence* with friendly, personable ladies of similar interests. Box 323-D.

RECENT COLLEGE GRADUATE desires alert female correspondents. Box 324-D.

I SHOULD LIKE TO WORK *for an architect, designer,* or builder. Can you help? Box 325-D.

REASONABLY mature man, background fully guaranteed, responsive to some congenial lady correspondent. Box 326-D.

CHEERFUL WOMAN, *late thirties, wishes care of* family. Experienced, likes children and cooking. Box 327-D.

WRITER AND REPORTER, versatile young man, wants position anywhere. Salary secondary. Box 328-D.

MEXICO—SMOKIES—NEW ORLEANS: Beautiful fall travel in 1950 Limousine. Private party limit seven adults. 23 days. Expert direction. Extremely reasonable all-inclusive basis. Write Dr. Thomas, Box 4956, Baltimore 12, Maryland.

PERSONALS

DISCRIMINATING young woman, simple tastes, varied interests, desires correspondence with man near middle age. Box 348-D.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

YOUNG MAN with brush, seeks colorful feminine correspondence. Box 193-D.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

FOR SALE: Beautiful fieldstone house ten years old, four bedrooms, three fireplaces, ten acres wooded *mountain land, lawns, fruit gardens, isolation, quiet,* less than sixty miles from Grand Central. Ridiculously low price result of foreclosure, $14,500. NYC MUrray Hill 5-6334 Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday evening, or write Box 347-D.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

VACATIONS

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Excellent accommodations, private lake, 4 tennis courts, music, library. Adults only.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

BERKSHIRES: Eat at Sun-Inside Monterey nearby Tanglewood: Wonderful French food.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal *country life, good food, comfortable beds.*

ENTERTAINMENT . . . SPORTS . . . Painting . . . Crafts in a delightful hideaway in the mountains. Chesters' ZUNBARG, Woodbourne, N. Y. Telephone: Woodbourne 1150.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, *Eliot, Maine. Tran*quility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. Accommodates 55. 31st season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440. Send for 1950 Booklet.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, *informal. Library. Delicious meals.* $35 weekly. Folder.

RELAX on the island of a thousand moods! Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or contact Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

ENJOY GOOD FOOD, fun, music (live), swimming, tennis at HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

BERMUDA—FOR RENT: Well *furnished cottages on* water-front near Hamilton. Box 203, Hamilton, Bermuda.

MEET ME AT THE CRAGSMOOR INN up in the mountains (75 miles) and we'll play golf together, or tennis—then swim—then take in the summer theatre, join an art group, and maybe pass up the concerts. Wonderful food and cocktails. 2000 feet elevation, scenic walks. Churches nearby. Telephone Eugene Hames, Manager, BRyant 9-2715, for reservations.

MUSIC INN—fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, Berkshire scenery, square dancing, music, movies, *loafing. 100 acres for the misanthropic. Write to* Music Inn, Lenox, Mass.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 855

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American poet (recent biography by Pollard).	49 44 124 129 150 180 156 89
B. A huge novel, 10 vols., by winner of Nobel Prize in Literature, 1915.	173 67 105 62 26 133 140 128 36 18
	121 95 83 79
C. Opera by Donizetti, 1840.	15 144 69 53 87 163 148 37 176 170
D. Czech scholar, poet, ethnologist, whose volume of ballads, 1853, was used as source by Dvorák and others.	7 157 59 42 54
E. Choice of words to express ideas.	66 168 132 13 35 91 43
F. Traitor who betrayed the Greeks to the Persians at Thermopylae, 480 B.C.	96 169 183 1 84 27 57 102 10
G. American journalist, author of short stories of American types (1884-1946).	29 70 145 90 76 160
H. A quail (2 wds.).	51 55 161 112 142 19 107 153 171
I. A cleft in the earth, etc.	22 109 115 82
J. Pertaining to animal fat.	126 146 184 177 23 166 137
K. American who invented first submarine to operate successfully in open sea, 1897.	71 131 52 39
L. A choir or reading desk in some churches.	178 101 20 34 151 73 65

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Equivalent in value, signification, or effect.	125 179 97 85 110 78 9 174 31 143
N. Woman character in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."	21 41 152 60 80 134
O. *Letter of the Greek alphabet.*	86 182 14
P. Center and chief city of great Ural Industrial Area, S.R.	58 38 61 46 81 127 139 117 158 186
Q. German-born portrait and historical painter, wood engraver; court painter to Henry VIII of England (1497?-1543).	8 64 119 40 74 56 4
R. Dormant volcano in Honshu, Japan, whose ancient crater contains much-used shrines.	72 16 48 5 88
S. Poetic drama by Ibsen; symphonic suite by Grieg (2 wds.).	11 104 50 68 164 30 185 154
T. Soft-napped fabrics, such as canton flannel.	122 147 114 113 94 103 3 92
U. NH_3 (chem.).	116 2 77 165 181 25 28
V. Critical moment for action (2 wds.; colloq.).	155 120 45 130 106 111 159 138 75 6
W. To strike with a glancing blow along the side, as in a collision.	167 12 98 141 175 63 33 123 93
X. Voracious state or quality.	47 172 99 136 17 162 108
Y. Applied to a light "deck" without openings, extending over the main deck from stem to stern (naut.).	118 100 135 149 24 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 F	2 U	■	3 T	4 Q	■	5 R	6 V	7 D	■	8 Q	9 M	10 F
11 S	12 W	13 E	14 O	15 C	■	16 R	17 X	18 B	19 H	■	20 L	21 N	22 J	23 J	24 Y	25 U
26 B	■	27 F	28 U	29 G	30 S	31 M	32 Y	33 W	34 L	35 E	36 B	■	37 C	38 P	39 K	■
40 Q	41 N	42 D	43 E	■	44 A	45 V	46 P	47 X	■	48 R	■	49 A	50 S	51 H	52 K	■
53 C	54 D	55 H	■	56 Q	57 F	58 P	■	59 D	60 N	61 P	62 B	■	63 W	64 Q	65 L	66 E
67 B	68 S	69 C	70 G	71 K	■	72 R	■	73 L	74 Q	75 V	76 G	77 U	78 M	79 B	80 N	81 P
■	82 I	83 B	84 F	85 M	■	86 O	87 C	88 R	89 A	90 G	91 E	92 T	93 W	■	94 T	95 B
96 F	97 M	98 W	■	99 X	■	100 Y	101 L	102 F	103 T	■	104 S	105 B	106 V	107 H	■	108 X
109 I	110 M	111 V	■	112 H	113 T	■	114 T	■	115 I	116 U	117 P	118 Y	119 Q	■	120 V	121 B
122 T	123 W	124 A	125 M	126 J	127 P	■	128 B	129 A	130 V	■	131 K	■	132 E	133 B	134 N	135 Y
136 X	137 J	■	138 V	139 P	■	140 B	141 W	142 H	143 M	■	144 C	145 G	146 J	■	147 T	148 C
149 Y	150 A	151 L	■	152 N	153 H	154 S	155 V	156 A	157 D	158 P	■	159 V	160 G	161 H	■	162 X
163 C	■	164 S	165 U	166 J	167 W	168 E	169 F	■	170 C	171 H	172 X	■	173 B	174 M	175 W	176 C
■	177 J	178 L	179 M	180 A	181 U	■	182 O	183 F	184 J	185 S	186 P	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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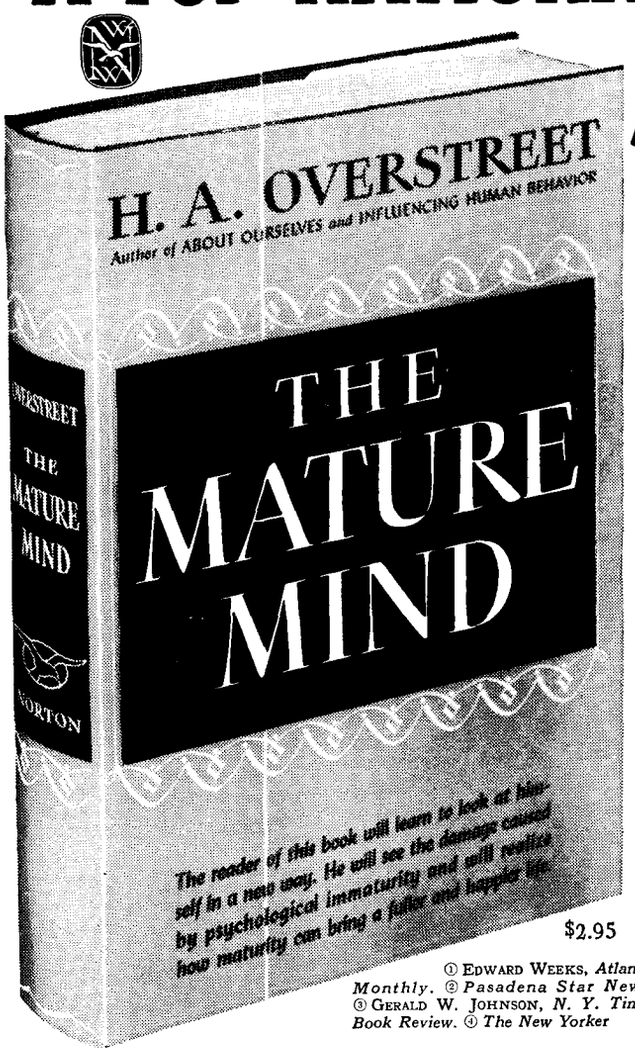
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. . . and on it goes

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① EDWARD WEEKS, *Atlantic Monthly.* ② *Pasadena Star News.* ③ GERALD W. JOHNSON, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* ④ *The New Yorker*

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